

A
COLLECTION
OF SELECT
Original P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS,

Chiefly on DIVINE SUBJECTS.

(V I Z.)

On the Creation.	On Divine Love.
On the Resurrection of <i>Lazarus</i> .	On Death.
On the Egyptian Dark- ness.	On the Goodness of Providence.
On Man's Proneness to Sin.	<i>David's</i> Lamentation for <i>Saul</i> and <i>Jonathan</i> .
On Contempt of the World.	Humane Life.
On Solitude.	The Banquet of the Sa- crament.
On Christmas-Day.	The History of the Pro- phet <i>Jonah</i> .

*Written by Dr. PATRICK, late Lord Bishop
of ELY, and other Eminent Hands.*

Also several H Y M N S, translated from *Prudentius*, *St. Ambrose*, *Aquinas*, and other Primitive Fathers.

To which is added,

The Countryman's Miscellany, or, Reflections on
that Glorious Planet the S U N: With other
Poems on various Occasions.

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To the Right Reverend Father in God

W I L L I A M,

Lord Bishop of SARUM,

A N D

CHANCELLOR of the Most Noble
Order of the GARTER.

My LORD,

THE best Pretence I have to your
Lordship's Patronage of this Collecti-
on, is the Care I have taken, that
some posthumous Pieces in it, belong-
ing to Persons once Dear to your Lordship,
should not perish; as they must have done, had
they only layn scatter'd up and down in Manu-
script: Besides, that in such a Circumstance
they could neither be of so extensive Use, nor

The Dedication.

those who desir'd them, so easily gratify'd, as by this Publication: In which, I hope, I have paid some Obedience to that Command of our Blessed Lord, Gather up the Fragments that remain, that nothing be lost: Not indeed in the Sense he gave it to his Disciples, but yet in a much better than that it was apply'd to, upon the Recovery of some useless insignificant Reliques. For here, my Lord, is Christianity in its native Beauty, and the Muses are restor'd to the Service of Religion, in which as they were first, so they were best employ'd.

I know not whether it is from Ignorance, or Malevolence, or a Defect in Nature, that Poetry is tax'd by some as a Sort of Sensuality: There are certainly some Passions and Affections of the Mind, which are best express'd by Poetry, as others are most effectually and forcibly moved by Musick; whence it was, that the Prophet call'd for an Instrument to tune his Soul for the Divine Inspiration. And if Musick be a Pleasure properly Intellectual, as the ingenious Mr. Norris asserts, arising from the Agreement and Proportion of Sounds, (a Pleasure which by a peculiar Felicity of Nature some few only are sensible of) why may not Poetry be so too, which consists in the artful Symmetry of superiour Sense, proper Images, surprising Turns, and flowing Numbers? Indeed, the most compleat proceeds from the skilful Union
of

The Dedication.

of the Sister-Arts, when Poetry makes Musick eloquent, and Musick Poetry harmonious. This, my Lord, if our Divines are not mistaken, is what the Soul will be chiefly delighted with after this Life, as one of the sublime Entertainments in the Happiness of the next. For who knows but the Poetry of Heaven may be as refin'd and ravishing as its Musick is represented to be? And whether the Saints may not be employ'd in composing Hymns, to celebrate the Triumphs of their Redemption, and other wonderful Works of God, as Things pass'd, which they so divinely sung, in a joyful Expectation of, when they were to come? 'Tis certain some of the most excellent Passages in the Inspir'd Writings are of the Poetical Kind, and set to Musick, no Doubt, as much superior to ours, as the Holy Scriptures are to merely human Composition: The divine Breathings fill'd the Poet's Soul; the Lute and Harp were touch'd by holy Hands, and made sweet Melody in the Voice of Prayer and Thanksgiving.

But if, my Lord, this should be found at last no better than an agreeable Hypothesis, yet it can do no Harm, in the mean time, by being entertain'd, since it may serve to comfort the Minds of good Persons, under the Infirmities and Sorrows of this Life, and raise their Expectation of being made Partakers of a better. In Preparation to which, as many of the Hymns in this Collection may be assisting, so I
assure

The Dedication.

*assure my self, from that singular Humanity,
which, amongst other Virtues, hath rais'd
your Lordship to the highest Esteem, it will not
fail of a candid Acceptance, as here offer'd
with the greatest Humility and Reverence, by
your Lordship's*

Most obedient Servant,

The Editor.



THE



THE
PREFACE,
BY
Bishop *PATRICK*.

I.

NOW my grey Hairs begin to show
What I in vain conceal'd, how old I grow,
Thro' many a Summers Heat, and many a Winters
(Snow.

II.

What Profit's the whole World? say I:
To me its good, or ill, must quickly die;
All I once had, or was, as dead, already lie.

III.

Tell me, fond Man, whoe'er thou art,
What's now that World on which thou sett'st thy Heart,
When there's a better State which claims thy better Part.

2 M H O I

Since

The PREFACE.

IV.

Since thy Life's Race is almost run,
Thy Race tow' rds Heav'n should be at least begun ;
Thy Soul, thy Lips, thy Life, should praise the Bless'd
(THREE ONE.

V.

Shorten with pious Hymns the Day,
Without a Hymn let no Night pass away.
Proud Heresy pull down, Faith's sure Foundation lay.

VI.

The Pagan World's false Gods defy,
Banish the modern ROME's Idolatry,
Tell how Apostles liv'd, how Martyrs us'd to dye.

VII.

Transported with my lofty Rhime,
O! that, unbody'd, I to Heav'n might climb,
And write, and sing my last, in Numbers all sublime.



POEMS



THE
CONTENTS.



THE Preface, by Bishop Patrick.

An Hymn at the Cock-Crowing, translated from Prudentius, by the same Hand. Page 1

An Hymn for the Morning, from Prudentius, by the same. 7

An Hymn at the Lighting up of Candles, from Prudentius, by the same. 13

An Hymn before Sleep, from Prudentius, by the same. 19

Upon Reading our Blessed Saviour's Miracles, from Prudentius, by the same. 27

†

Upon

The CONTENTS.

- Upon the Morning we are to receive the Holy Communion, from Aquinas, by the same.* 44
- On very tempestuous Weather, from St. Ambrose, by the same.* 47
- An Hymn for a Fasting-Day, at the Ninth Hour, from Prudentius, by the same.* 50
- On the Resurrection of the same Body, from Prudentius's Conclusion of his Apotheosis, by the same.* 54
- An Hymn at the Cock-Crowing, by the same.* 63
- An Easter Hymn, from Prudentius, by the same.* 67
- An Hymn for the Eves of the Martyrs, by the same.* 70
- On a Prospect of the University, from the Top of a Hill; a Prayer for its Prosperity, by the same.* 72
- A Prayer, translated from the Latin by the same.* 88
- An Hymn for the Third Hour, by the same.* 89
- An Hymn before Lent, by the same.* 90
- An Hymn for the Sixth Hour, by the same.* 92
- On the Passion of St. Agnes, from Prudentius, by the same.* 127

The

The CONTENTS.

<i>The fourth Ode of the second Book of Horace.</i>	37
<i>To Mr. Young, written on a Leaf of his Poem on the last Day, by T. Warton, M. A. of Magdalen-College, Oxon.</i>	40
<i>Upon the Death of Bishop Patrick.</i>	42
<i>Upon the Resurrection of Lazarus.</i>	56
<i>A Translation out of St. Gregory Nazienzen, bemoaning the Burning of his Church, by Theophilus.</i>	58
<i>An Epistle to Theophilus, from Philomusus.</i>	60
<i>On the Creation of the World.</i>	65
<i>On the Egyptian Darkness, from the 17th Chapter of Wisdom.</i>	75
<i>The Third Chapter of Habakkuk translated.</i>	81
<i>Upon Justification by Faith without good Works.</i>	85
<i>An Hymn on Christmas-Day.</i>	86
<i>An Hymn for the Ninth Hour.</i>	93
<i>To Mr. R——, upon a Tragedy on a Divine Subject.</i>	94
<i>On Man's Proneness to Sin.</i>	96
<i>Upon</i>	

THE CONTENTS.

<i>Upon a deceased Friend, by Mrs. Octavia Walth.</i>	99
<i>Contempt of the World, by the same.</i>	102
<i>On Solitude, by the same.</i>	105
<i>Divine Love, by the same.</i>	108
<i>Upon Death, by the same.</i>	110
<i>The Goodness of Providence, by the same.</i>	112
<i>The Forty second Psalm, by the same.</i>	116
<i>David's Lamentation for Saul and Jonathan, alter'd from Mr. Sandys.</i>	119
<i>Human Life, corrected from an old Copy of the Lord Bacon.</i>	122
<i>The Banquet of the Sacrament, alter'd from Mr. Herbert.</i>	124
<i>The History of the Prophet Jonah, from the Learned Grotius.</i>	129



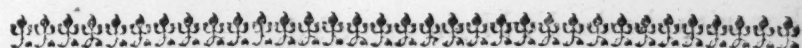
POEMS



P O E M S

U P O N

Divine and Moral Subjects.



A HYMN at the Cock-crowing.

Translated from *PRUDENTIUS* by Bishop
PATRICK.

I.



HEARK! the Cock's early Mattins warn
Dull Mortals of approaching Light;
CHRIST every Soul calls every Morn,
His Words to endless Life invite.

II.

Sluggards, methinks He cries; away
With your soft, lazy Beds, make Room;
Be chaste, clean, temp'rate, all the Day,
Be watchful, for BEHOLD I COME!

B

Who

III.

Who not his drowfy Couch forsakes
 Before the Sun, too late will rise,
 Unless some Hour from Night he takes,
 And then the Mind's best Labour plies.

IV.

The feather'd Poets, whilst they sing
 Beneath our Eaves, with grateful Mirth,
 When Day's first Beams begin to spring,
 Mind us of who shall judge the Earth.

V.

For with the deadly Night oppress'd,
 As in our Winding-Sheets we lie,
 He bids us leave our careless Rest,
 Since the great flaming Hour is nigh.

VI.

As from its rosy Bed the Morn
 Scatters the pensive Shades of Night,
 We, after virtuous Toils well borne,
 May raise our Hopes of endless Light.

VII.

Our Sleep, which for short Ease was lent,
 May lasting Death's faint Image be ;
 Our Crimes Night's Horrors represent,
 Or make our Life a Lethargy.

But

VIII.

But CHRIST directs his high Command
 To all who his true Light implore,
 THE NIGHT IS SPENT, THE DAY AT HAND ;
 The Prince of Darkneſs ſerve no more.

IX.

Wake, Sleeper, and to Live begin,
 E'er thy Life ends in ſickly Dreams,
 Whilſt thy Soul, bury'd in thy Sin,
 Reflects not on her native Beams.

X.

The DEVILS, wand'ring to and fro,
 Keep their dark Revels all the Night ;
 But when the Cock begins to crow,
 They tremble, ſtart, and take their Flight.

XI.

The Morning Rays th' Arch-fiend appall ;
 When the bright Preſence of the Day
 Breaks thro' Night's dark Partition-Wall,
 Hell's Out-guards ſee, and ſcout away.

XII.

Too well they know, too well divine,
 We ſhall be rally'd from our Shrowds ;
 And of our Hope this is the Sign,
 And of God's coming in the Clouds.

XIII.

Our SAVIOUR'S Words to PETER shew
 How well this Bird can give Advice;
 For BEFORE TWICE THE COCK SHALL CROW,
 THOU, PETER, SHALL'T DENY ME THRICE.

XIV.

Benighted, he to Sin gave Place,
 Till the shrill Herald of the Day
 Proclaim'd new Light to human Race,
 And then his Sin he put away.

XV.

Then, then the fall'n Apostle wept,
 That from his Lips such Treason flew;
 Tho' in his Heart the Faith he kept,
 Tho' in his Thought was ever true.

XVI.

His Tongue, that slipp'ry Member, stay'd,
 And never dar'd offend agen;
 At the Bird's Call the Saint obey'd,
 And at his Summons ceas'd to sin.

XVII.

At this still Hour let none forget,
 (Since pious Faith maintains it well)
 What Time the Cocks their Larums set,
 CHRIST came, in Triumph, back from Hell.

Death

XVIII.

Death was then forc'd to quit the Field ;
 The Fiend's grand Charter cancell'd lay ;
 The thickest Shades of Darkneſs yield,
 When ſtruck with CHRIST's reſiſtleſs Ray.

XIX.

Let evil Things Ceſſation keep ;
 Cloſe as the Grave black Deeds ſhould lie :
 Let mortal Sin, the Soul's Dead-Sleep,
 In its own Apoplexy die.

XX.

But let the wakeful, active Mind,
 While gloomy Clouds the Morn retard,
 Whatever Space there is behind,
 KEEP, in her Station, WATCH AND WARD.

XXI.

To thee, Dear JESUS, let us cry,
 Direct our Thoughts, and pray, and weep ;
 Intenſe Devotion will deny
 The Pure in Heart Exceſs of Sleep.

XXII.

Long have our folded Arms at Eaſe,
 Our Senſes in Oblivion layn,
 Struck, hurt, o'ercome, with our Diſeaſe,
 And wild Impreſſions on our Brain.

XXIII.

Such airy Shades we us'd to chace,
 Whilst with the World we were in Fee;
 We ran the Dreamer's frantick Race;
 But watch, and Truth shall set us free.

XXIV.

Fine Gold, soft Pleasure, earthly Joy,
 Vast Wealth, bright Honour, great Success,
 Are smiling Evils, yet they cloy,
 And, view'd by Day, grow less and less.

XXV.

JESUS, drive Slumber from our Eyes,
 Knock off the heavy Chains of Night;
 On our sick Souls with Healing rise,
 And chear us with thy Beams of Light.





An H Y M N for the Morning.

Translated from *PRUDENTIUS*, by the
same H A N D.

I.

BEHOLD! the Darkneſs flies away,
Why ſhould the World like Chaos lie?
Now comes the Light, now comes the Day,
And CHRIST, the Day-ſpring, from on
(High;

II.

Damp'd by the Glories of the Sun,
Vapours, which roſe from Earth, decline;
Nature her gaudy Robes puts on,
Where that kind Star begins to ſhine.

III.

So the black Soul ſhall then look pale,
(The double Mind, which Envy ſhrouds)
When God plucks off his miſty Veil,
And comes, with Glory, in the Clouds.

Vain

IV.

Vain Man! who horrid Things conceals;
 Only in his own Thoughts enclos'd;
 For that red, low'ring Morn reveals
 The Depths of Hearts, to all expos'd.

V.

The Thief by Twi-light may begin,
 And steal securely till 'tis Day;
 But Day-light will contend with Sin,
 And Sin, from Sun to Sun, betray.

VI.

The Cheat may in his Mask delight,
 A Vizor, for Disguise, he needs:
 The foul Adult'rer loves the Night,
 The Night, a Friend to shameless Deeds.

VII.

But see! the Sun comes flaming in,
 Now Sinners blush, regret, repent;
 Before the Sun none dare to sin,
 Men cannot dare, and not relent.

VIII.

Last Ev'ning's Riot, in the Cool
 Of the next Morning, causes Shame;
 Some Wit appears in th' Idle Fool,
 And Vice grows tractable and tame.

They

IX.

They who so often live in Jest,
 Would fain be then accounted wise;
 And their slight Errors then, at least,
 Beneath a serious Look disguise!

X.

A golden Hour! to all that wear
 The Sword, or Gown, or hold the Plough;
 Ask, when each plies his own Affair,
 The Sailor, or the Shopman, now?

XI.

To Bars smooth Pleaders have Recourse,
 The Brave to Arms, when Trumpets sound;
 The bold Advent'rer Wealth would force
 From Sea, the Farmer from the Ground.

XII.

But not such Mysteries of Trade,
 Nor talking Arts to us are known;
 Nor to be Warriours are we made,
 But, CHRIST, we follow thee alone.

XIII.

With unpolluted Hearts, to thee
 We learn to call, we learn to sing,
 Adoring, on our humble Knee,
 Weeping, yet joying, in our King.

XIV.

This is the Craft by which we thrive;
This Art of Living we pursue;
The daily Task at which we strive,
And with each dawning Sun renew.

XV.

Oh! set a Watch before our Eyes,
Great Watcher, search out all our Ways;
Many dark Folds we have, Oh! rise
On fully'd Hearts with cleansing Rays.

XVI.

O Saviour! bid, that we may stand,
As fair and spotless as they stood,
Who were, of Old, at thy Command,
Baptiz'd in JORDAN'S Silver Flood.

XVII.

Tho' Night, or evil Thoughts of Night,
With dark Deeds should our Minds infect,
Dispel them with that Mystick Light,
Which by enlight'ning can correct.

XVIII.

Thou can't the foulest ÆTHIOP take,
' And make his Skin as white as Snow,'
Of Ebony can't Crystal make;
We are thus stain'd, then change us so.

XIX.

Old JACOB, all this wakeful Night,
The Captain of God's Hosts resists;
Bravely they strive 'till Morning-Light,
Unequal Wrestlers in the Lifts.

XX.

But at DAY-BREAK the Champion's Knee
Sunk in the Combat, and grew lame;
His FEEBLE SINEW SHRUNK, and he,
Contending with his God, grew tame.

XXI.

HE HALTED ON HIS THIGH, the Part
Uncomely, which a Veil requires,
Beneath the Seat of Life, the Heart,
Which is the Source of loose Desires.

XXII.

THIS WAS FOR OUR INSTRUCTION WRIT,
A Type of a benighted Soul,
'Till all its Pow'rs to God submit,
Who can all Rebel-Force controul.

XXIII.

But still the Just are truly blest'd,
If at Day-break it shall be found,
That the OLD MAN they have oppress'd,
And giv'n the MAN OF SIN a Wound.

XXIV.

Affected Blindness, now give Place;
 Hurry'd along, 'till almost lost,
 We made false Steps in all our Race,
 Thro Error's winding Mazes tost.

XXV.

Heav'n, smile upon us; and the Day,
 Be that so peaceful, we so pure,
 And nothing may, or do, or say,
 Nothing but what will Light endure.

XXVI.

May the good Day so kindly end,
 No Hand, no Tongue may practise Guile;
 No Eye thro' Wantonness offend,
 Our Bodies may no Spot defile.

XXVII.

The great Observer stands on high,
 And all our Actions sees from far,
 From th' Hour that we begin to die,
 To th' Evening, from the Morning-Star.

XXVIII.

He Witness is, and Sentence gives;
 Nothing escapes his searching Eye,
 Nothing which human Thought conceives;
None can him bribe, or fright, or fly.

HYMN
 L. M.



H Y M N *at the Lighting up of Candles.*

From *PRUDENTIUS*, by the SAME.

AUTHOR of Light, our Leader, and our Guide,
Who into Day and Night dost Time divide,
The Sun now yields the Day to dismal Night,
CHRIST, send thy Servants fresh Supplies
(of Light.

On Heav'n's bright Face Stars make a Milky Way,

The MOON to rule the Night, the SUN the Day.

But thou hast taught us Mortals, in the Dark,

From Nerves of Flint to force a gentle Spark!

By this Experiment to teach Mankind

Eternal Light from thee, to seek and find;

From thee, who styl'st thy self our stable Rock,

Op'ning the Fire of Love to all that knock.

Our common Fire, struck from that stony Seed,

With catching Matter, drench'd in Oil, we feed:

Or draw fine Twists thro' Wax we take from Bees,

But first we take the Honey for our Fees.

Flame in a Shell will live, with Oil for Drink,

And 'till it licks up all will never sink:

Our

Our pitchy Links the bleeding Pine sustains,
 And the dry Firs the yellow Flambeau drains.
 Warm, gummy Drops, which trickle down the Hill,
 Our Oratories with their Odours fill;
 Down from the burning Top they melting creep,
 And as the Taper wastes, it seems to weep.
 O bounteous Father! all the Thanks be thine,
 That all our Courts with Lamps so glorious shine.
 Thus a Mock Noon with absent Day-light vies,
 And thus, with her torn Veil, Night vanquish'd flies.
 But who discerns not Light's immortal Spring,
 Whose Rays from God himself their Lustre bring?
 Ee'r the Great God was of a Virgin born,
 MOSES beheld him in a flaming Thorn.
 Happy, to see the Prince, whose Throne, so high
 Irradiates the low Bush: BUT DRAW NOT NIGH;
 PUT OFF THY SHOES: This was the dread Command;
 PROFANE NOT HOLY GROUND, ON WHICH YOU
 (STAND.
 Old JACOB's noble Race, (which much relies
 On their long Lineage, and their Foe defies)
 Free from the barb'rous Lords they serv'd before,
 Follow his sacred Flame, and then adore.
 Thro' a wide Desert, where their Camp must go,
 When all was Night, (to them it was not so)
 The Pyramid of Fire, more bright than Day,
 Conducts the watchful Army on their Way.
 Th' EGYPTIAN Tyrant boils with envious Rage,
 And rashly bids his bravest Troops engage:
 Bids sound the Charge, and force them back agen
 With thund'ring Squadrons of his Iron Men.

The

The Men take Arms, and breath out Death and Wounds,
 Wounds ev'ry Sword, Death ev'ry Trumpet sounds.
 Some trust in Darts, some trim the fatal Cane,
 And barbed Steel flies hissing o'er the Plain.
 The Foot move in a Wedge, with angry Speed,
 Some mount the Chariot with a fiery Steed.
 Tidings of War the dreadful Ensigns tell,
 The golden Lions rage, the Dragons swell.

But now, no longer Slaves, Bless'd ISRAEL's Band,
 With lab'ring in the Sun all scorch'd and tann'd,
 To the Red Sea, with MOSES, take their Way,
 And on the Sand their weary Bodies lay.
 When, lo! their Foes with their false Chief arrive,
 In full Career the fierce Battalions drive;
 ON, THRO' THE SEA, said MOSES, THERE'S OUR WAY,
 SO HE COMMANDS, WHOM WIND AND SEA OBEY.
 The Waves depart, the Waves stand up in Ranks,
 The wand'ring Waves stand solid as their Banks,
 On either Side, flank'd with a watry Arch,
 Whilst the glad People thro' the Middle march.
 The tawny Foes, urg'd by a furious Hate,
 Or by their impious King's prodigious Fate,
 Or by a horrid Thirst of HEBREW Blood,
 Plung'd fearless in the Gulph, and dar'd the Flood.
 With headlong Courage, in the Deep they spread;
 Each briny Mountain shakes its threat'ning Head:
 Down with impetuous Noise the liquid Wall
 Drops on each Side, and down the Billows fall.
 Chariots and Horses, Arms and armed Peers,
 Float mingled in the Wreck; black Cuirassiers,

Such

Such as in Royal Tow'rs Night-Watches keep,
Sunk sadly down into their longest Sleep.

JESUS! What Tongue's so eloquent to raise
A Trophy worthy thy immortal Praise?
By many Strokes meek MOSES, with his Wand,
Strikes PHAROAH dead, but strikes with thy right Hand.
Thou the broad Sea for settled Bounds hast made,
Thro' which advent'rous Mortals should not wade;
Yet Thee it flies, thro' it thy Armies go;
The greedy Flood o'erwhelms the Godless Foe.
The barren Rock fresh purling Brooks supplies,
The dry Flint gapes, the living Waters rise,
To quench their raging Thirst with cooling Streams;
Whom the Sun wounded with his pointed Beams.
The Lake of Gall prov'd Honey to the Taste,
On the dull Pool when healing Wood was cast:
'Tis Wood, the Cross, which sweetens bitter Things;
There fix our Hopes, for there all Virtue springs.
Food for the Camp descends, like Morning-Snows,
Thick on the Ground, like Winter-Hail it shows;
With Angels Food their Tables they supply,
But CHRIST provides, and pours it from the Sky.
As fruitful Show'rs descend with gentle Gales,
So, wing'd upon the Wind, came pleasant Quails;
Wafted from Heav'n, in Troops, on Earth they lie,
An easy Prize, that never more shall fly.

These mighty Wonders, by the great THREE ONE,
Of Old were for the Godlike Patriarchs done.

The

The same kind Giver bids us, TAKE AND EAT,
 And feeds our Souls with Mystick-real Meat.
 He calls us thro' the World's impetuous Waves,
 Rebukes the Sea, and Us poor Sailors faves.
 Calls our tir'd Souls, free'd from a thousand Woes,
 Up to the Land where Milk with Honey flows.
 There wond'rous Roses spread their fragrant Beds,
 There Stranger Sun-flow'rs rear their golden Heads ;
 There glows the Violet, the rich Crocus there,
 And living Fountains keep them fresh and fair.
 There sov'reign Balsom drops from all the Boughs,
 And chearful Spices every Bark allows :
 A River, from a Source unseen, recruits
 The beauteous Trees, which bring immortal Fruits.
 O Souls in Blifs ! what glorious Hymns they sing,
 In verdant Meadows, where 'tis always Spring ?
 Harmonious Souls, that in one Confort meet,
 Whilst Lilies bow to kiss their sacred Feet.
 So, ev'ry Night, our Hands with Joy we rear,
 (True Joy's a serious Thing, and a severe)
 All Fellows of the Guard, we watch and pray,
 And holy Vows in holy Places pay.
 Our moving Lights, fix'd to the glitt'ring Roof,
 Some near the Pavement hang, and some aloof,
 And thro' Glass-Lamps, which some wise Virgin trims,
 The well-fed Flame darts Lustre as it swims.
 Stars seem to blaze along, and this their Sphere,
 With sweeping Trains, the Less and Greater Bear ;
 The ruddy PHOSPHOR, and bright CHARLES's Wain,
 That o'er the THRACIAN BOSPHOR drives amain.

The

D

When

When the fresh Dew descends, and brings the Night,
 What fitter Off ring can we bring than Light ?
 Light, the best Gift which bounteous Heav'n bestows,
 Light all GOD's other Gifts and Bounties shows.
 Light to our Eyes and Minds thy Grace imparts,
 Seen in thy Works, felt working in our Hearts.
 This Light to thee, with humble, pure Intent,
 Dipt, as in holy Oil, I now present.
 Thy Son, most mighty Father, intercedes,
 Thy EQUAL Son for kind Acceptance pleads,
 Our glorious Lord, thy proper Image, He !
 The Spirit of Love is breath'd from Him and Thee.
 In him thy Brightness and thy Wisdom shine,
 Thy Pow'r, thy Goodness, and thy Love divine ;
 Great ONE and THREE ! Eternal Ages, they
 So live and reign, as one perpetual Day.





A HYMN *before* SLEEP.

From *PRUDENTIUS*, by the SAME.

I.

COME, mighty Father, mighty Lord,
Whom none can see, but all desire ;
Come, JESUS, Lord, the Father's Word ;
Come, Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire !

II.

Come, All-sufficient THREE in ONE,
Come, ONE in THREE, in Glory move ;
Come, Son of GOD, eternal Son ;
Come, GOD, the Spirit of mutual Love.

III.

Now our Day Labour's at an End,
Now 'tis our Time to take some Ease ;
Now Sleep, our Nature's gentle Friend,
Waits on our weary Limbs to seize.

IV.

Our Minds, in Tempests all the Day,
 Wrack'd with dire Cares, and overpress'd,
 Now drench'd in deep Oblivion, may
 All the long Night lie charm'd to Rest.

V.

Widely diffus'd, the Opiate-Balm
 So kindly spreads thro' all the Veins,
 The stormy Soul grows smooth and calm,
 And no harsh Sense of Grief remains.

VI.

This is the God of Nature's Will,
 To give his Creatures sweet Repose,
 This healing Med'cine to distil,
 For all our Pains, for all our Woes.

VII.

But whilst the pleasing Languor creeps
 O'er all the little World of Man,
 It bathes him in fresh cooling Sleeps,
 And makes his Life but half a Span.

VIII.

For, quick as Lightning, free as Air,
 Around the Globe, in THOUGHT, he flies;
 To THOUGHT all hidden Things appear,
 THOUGHT all their various Forms descries.

IX.

First, loose from Cares, and unconfin'd,
 THOUGHT from the Throne of God was brought,
 And thence still streams the æthereal Mind,
 Where THOUGHT so nimbly flows on THOUGHT.

X.

A Thousand Phantoms, here and there,
 Bright THOUGHT a Thousand Landscapes feigns;
 THOUGHT runs thro' all with swift Career,
 O'er all its airy Conquests reigns.

XI.

The working Brain frames divers Dreams,
 Amidst the Terrors of the Night;
 And sometimes Heav'n darts, with its Beams,
 The Sacred, the Prophetick Light.

XII.

Sometimes the Fiend, from Shades below,
 Effaces Truth, false Lights intrudes;
 With Scenes of Horrour, and of Woe,
 With Riddles dark, the Soul deludes.

XIII.

But he, whose Heart is ever clean,
 Whose Hands with Sin are never foul,
 Shall oft receive, with Light serene,
 Deep Mysteries into his Soul.

XIV.

Whilst he, whose Breast is Vice's Cell,
 Where nightly Hags their Revels keep,
 In ev'ry Consult meets a Hell,
 And all its Furies, in his Sleep.

XV.

The † Patriarch thus was found to show
 Himself in Jail the Jailor's Friend,
 And made two Courtly Pris'ners know
 What their mysterious Dreams portend,

XVI.

One, to his former Trust restor'd,
 Does for his Master Wine prepare ;
 But th' other, sentenc'd by his Lord,
 Feeds Vultures, and infects the Air.

XVII.

When Visions so perplex'd the King,
 This youthful Sage foretold the Dearth,
 And bade them into Gran'ries bring
 The plenteous Product of the Earth.

XVIII.

Then as Chief Minister of State,
 Rais'd to command the spacious Realm,
 Great as a Demi-God he fate,
 Dividing Empire at the Helm,

† Joseph.

XIX.

O! what mysterious, wondrous Things,
The Rays Divine in Sleep reveal?
What bright Ideas JESUS brings
To glorious Saints? but they conceal.

XX.

Saint JOHN, our SAVIOUR's happy Friend,
(Whom his dear Lord, a Friend as true,
Bade, in the Spirit, to Heav'n ascend)
Out-reach'd the tow'ring Eagle's View.

XXI.

He saw God's Lamb, new slain and crown'd,
Clad in the Crimson Robes of State:
He, only He, was worthy found
First to unseal the Book of Fate.

XXII.

" Lo! in his thund'ring Arm he sways
" Such a bright-flaming Steel, as like
" The Lightning, flashing several Ways,
" Threatens a double Stroke to strike.

XXIII.

" He, the Great Searcher, has in Sight
" Each Soul's, each Body's least Offence;
" He bids the two-edg'd Sword of Light
" The first and second Death dispense.

" Yet

XXIV.

" Yet with his Justice Mercy vies,
" And his fierce Anger so repells,
" That they alone, who Heav'n despise,
" Shall be condemn'd to endless Hells.

XXV.

" God, careful of his Son's just Fame,
" A grand Tribunal him allows,
" GIVES HIM ABOVE 'ALL NAMES A NAME;
" FOR AT HIS NAME NO KNEE BUT BOWS.

XXVI.

" Curs'd ANTICHRIST, that cruel King,
" God, by his Strength of Hand, subdues;
" His Servants back the Trophies bring
" From the vile Monster God pursues.

XXVII.

The mighty Beast, that for its Food
Would the wide Universe devour,
That deep unfathom'd Gulph of Blood,
Saint JOHN foretells its fatal Hour.

XXVIII.

Now, let the bold Usurper swell,
Whilst he himself the Saviour calls,
Lo! down he sinks as low as Hell,
The false before the true one falls.

Such

XXIX.

Such blessed Visions him inspire,
Till th' Apostolick Hero wakes,
Then his high Genius mounting high'r,
Thro' the whole Heav'n a Progress takes.

XXX.

Poor We pretend to no such Flight,
Whom Nature's Errors lead astray;
Whose Souls such various Lusts benight,
Poor We must take a lower Way.

XXXI.

Well-pleas'd, if our low Nature spent,
With kindly Slumbers we renew;
Well-pleas'd then, if the Night present
No ghastly Spectres to our View.

XXXII.

Mortal, who dost thy God revere,
O think upon the Laver now,
Once cleans'd, and once anointed there,
O think on thy Baptifmal Vow!

XXXIII.

Then, when soft Slumber bows thy Head,
Think but who bow'd his Head for thee,
And spread thy Arms as his were spread,
And fix on him, fix'd on the Tree.

XXXIV.

From all foul Deeds, and all foul Fiends,
But Thinking of the Cross will keep;
The Cross, impress'd on holy Minds,
Will keep them steddy whilst they sleep.

XXXV.

When wand'ring Fancy takes her Flight,
Far be all monstrous Dreams we pray;
With thy Devices, dark as Night,
O Charmer vile, be far away.

XXXVI.

How will the twining Serpent wind
A thousand Ways, by his black Arts,
A thousand Stratagems will find,
How he may storm our peaceful Hearts?

XXXVII.

But CHRIST is here; SATAN be gone;
THE LORD IS HERE; Fiend, take thy Flight;
That heav'nly Sign to thee's well known;
'Tis Hell to see his glorious Light.

XXXVIII.

Tir'd with the Burden of the Day,
Tho' Sleep our Bodies now controlls,
We wake in Mind, to CHRIST we pray,
CHRIST, the great Center of our Souls.

Upon



Upon Reading our Blessed Sa- viour's Miracles.

Translated from PRUDENTIUS's Hymn for
any Hour. By the same HAND.

I.

BOY, reach my Lute, and I'll begin my Song;
May all the Strings be good and strong;
May ev'ry Stroke be just and true;
For CHRIST's illustrious Acts are in my
(View,
Him shall my Lute resound, him shall my Song pursue.

II.

CHRIST's Advent was King DAVID's glorious Theme,
The Seer who wore the Diadem,
The Prince of Sacred Poets join'd
Voices, and Strings, and Instruments of Wind,
While Extasies Divine fill'd his capacious Mind.

III.

Of Wonders wrought, and firmly prov'd, I sing,
And all the World for Witness bring:

For sure no Man of Sense denies
 What Heaven and Earth beheld with joyful Eyes,
 How GOD came down to Men, that Men to GOD might rise.

IV.

From his dear Father's Sacred Bosom He,
 Before the World began to be,
 By Divine Emanation came ;
 ALPHA and OMEGA, First and Last, his Name ;
 All Things which are, which were, which shall be, are
 (his Frame.

V.

He spake, and it was done ; His high Command
 Produc'd the Spheres, the Sea, the Land,
 That triple Machine, which we call
 The mighty Universe, containing all
 Beneath the Sun's bright Orb, and the Moon's changing
 (Ball.

VI.

Behold ! a strange new Thing under the Sun,
 A Man's frail Body GOD puts on,
 Fitted to suffer, and to dye,
 For the first Guilty Man's Posterity,
 Or else, to dye the Death, was seal'd their Destiny.

VII.

O Blessed Son, who from the Happy Dame,
 That Ever-Virgin Mother came !
 She brought forth Life to raise the Dead,
 On her the Holy Ghost was over-spread,
 The World's Deliv'rer shew'd his sacred Infant-Head.

There-

VIII.

Therefore let Angels and Archangels sing,
 Let Heav'n with joyful Ecchoes ring;
 Jesus, the Pow'rs of Heav'n inspire,
 And ev'ry human Tongue with strong Desire
 Of joining with one Voice, in one Seraphick Quire.

IX.

Behold the King, whom tuneful Men foretold
 (For Poets Prophets were of Old)
 When should his Advent be, and how,
 Their true Oraculous Verse foretold; and now
 The Glorious King arrives, to whom all Knees should
 (bow.

X.

He at a Marriage-Feast vouchsafes to dine,
 He turns their Water into Wine;
 Ill News was told, the Wine was spent;
 To th'amaz'd Master of the Feast he sent,
 And feeble Water chang'd to nobler Element.

XI.

Poor Men, with Bodies full of Sores and Blains,
 Their very Souls oppress'd with Pains,
 Let them be whole, said He, Poor Men;
 Their Flesh grows young, and firm, and smooth again,
 He spoke the pow'rful Word, and, lo! they'r found
 (and clean.

The

XII.

The woful Eyes condemn'd to lasting Night,
 He, who is Man's immortal Light,
 He, who no Darknefs can endure,
 With Spittle of his own, like Nectar pure,
 Half opens thofe blind Eyes, and then compleats the
 (Cure.

XIII.

The raging Winds break loofe, the roaring Waves
 For Ships and Sailors gape like Graves:
 Save our torn Bark, fave, Lord, they cry'd:
 Peace, furious Winds, faid he; the Winds comply'd,
 Trembling ftand all the Waves, then like calm Rivers
 (glide.

XIV.

One Touch but of his Garment's Hem transfus'd
 A fov'reign Balm, and Health produc'd;
 On the pale Cheeks frefh Rofes blow,
 Dry'd is the Fountain of the Patient's Woe,
 The constant Purple Streams no more their Banks o'er-
 (flow.

XV.

He faw the lovely Youth, Death's early Prey,
 Alas! too early fnatch'd away;
 He heard his Mother's Funeral-Cries;
 Rife, Youth, he faid; the Youth begins to rife,
 Lowly the Matron bow'd, and bore away the Prize.

Dead

XVI.

Dead LAZARUS was laid in his dark Cave,
 Four Suns had set upon his Grave ;
 A brighter Sun, which ne'er will set,
 Brought Healing in his Wings, and Life with Heat ;
 The putrid breathless Lungs their vig'rous Task repeat.

XVII.

The watry Pavement felt his Sacred Feet,
 He treads the Billows, they submit,
 And, as he walks, low Rev'rence pay ;
 The rolling Mountains smooth his steepy Way,
 Firm as a Marble Floor to him whom Seas obey.

XVIII.

Fierce in the Tombs the strong Dæmoniack reigns,
 He bites his Fetters, breaks his Chains,
 Tho' mad to an extreme Degree,
 When he sees CHRIST approach, he cries, 'Tis He,
 And leaps with sober Joy, and bends his humble Knee.

XIX.

A Legion of foul Fiends, an odious Pest,
 In various Shapes he dispossess'd ;
 Strait they the filthy Swine invade,
 Who run into the Floods ; the Devil's glad
 In any Place but Hell to drive but any Trade.

XX.

Five Loaves, two Fishes, let the Saviour bless,
 His Word so multiplies the Mess,
 The wond'rous Reliques of their Store,
 The very Fragments, fill twelve Baskets more,
 And yet Five Thousand Guests were strangely fill'd be-
 (fore.

XXI.

Thou, CHRIST, our living Bread, our lasting Feast,
 Who feeds on Thee, feeds on the best;
 The most delicious Royal Fare,
 Swells not the Paunch, but will the Soul repair,
 That Hunger cannot find, nor force an Entrance there.

XXII.

Ears that were deaf, thro' which the loudest Sound,
 Thunder itself, no Passage found,
 Hear the still Voice of CHRIST's Command;
 He bids the gross obstructing Ills disband,
 The softest Accents strait they hear and understand.

XXIII.

To CHRIST whole Troops of fierce Diseases yield,
 And every Sickness quits the Field;
 The dumb Lethargick finds his Tongue,
 The old Paralitick rises brisk and young,
 Takes up his Bed, and walks thro' all the gazing Throng.

CHRIST

XXIV.

CHRIST from his Heav'n descends to Hell below,
 T' attend his Triumphs Angels go,
 To the dark Seats of sep'rate Souls;
 He scales their Walls, their Garrisons controlls,
 Their strong Portcullis breaks, their Gate wide open
 (rolls.

XXV.

Open to all that knock'd it flew before,
 But who went in, return'd no more,
 Till the severe Decree of Fate,
 And Death it self on this Great Conqu'ror wait;
 The God removes the Bar, the Men repass the Gate.

XXVI.

For when the God, from whom all Glory streams,
 Gilds those dark Regions with his Beams,
 Then their dim smoaky Torches fail;
 Thus did the Day-spring from on high prevail;
 In that low, dismal World, the setting Stars grew pale.

XXVII.

Then was the strange Eclipse, the Sun was fled,
 Then in foul Shame he hid his Head,
 His fiery Axis left in Spite,
 In Mourning Weeds so deeply veil'd his Light;
 The World stood all in Dread of everlasting Night.

XXVIII.

My Soul, now raise, now reinforce thy Song:
Ah! would thou hadst an Angel's Tongue!
Tell of the Trophies all Divine,
The Triumphs of the Cross, that Heav'nly Sign,
That sacred Badge, which makes the Christian's Fore-
(head shine.

XXIX.

New Miracle in Death! A double Tide,
Water and Blood stream'd from his Side;
The Water for a Laver stood,
For Eucharistick Wine the Crimson Flood,
T' adorn the Martyr's Crown, when he's baptiz'd in
(Blood.

XXX.

The curst Serpent saw, with envious Eyes,
The blessed Man a Sacrifice;
He saw, and vented at the Sight
Choler adust, and Venom black as Night,
To see his Empire broke, which broke his Heart with
(Spite.

XXXI.

What hast thou gain'd, Deceiver, by thy Plot,
What by thy changing Shapes hast got?
Tho' EVE became thy easy Prey,
Tho' ADAM felt a mortal Wound that Day,
Yet GOD, in mortal Shape, takes mortal Sin away.

Our

XXXII.

Our valiant Chief resign'd his sacred Breath,
He lent himself a while to Death ;
A Royal Loan ! but soon repaid :
Old Pris'ners of the Grave he Freeman made,
And, loos'd from Bonds of Sin, rose many a blessed
(Shade.

XXXIII.

Fathers, who rise, and Saints, who live again,
Make up their new Creator's Train ;
Early, the third, bright, happy Day,
He the triumphant Victor calls, and they
Leap from their Shrowds well-flesh'd, and his loud
(Call obey.

XXXIV.

Here 'twas to see how Dust and Ashes close,
When strong and well-knit Members rose,
How the cold Particles would fain
Get vital gen'rous Warmth, thro' ev'ry Vein,
How Nerves, Bones, Marrow greet, and all skinn'd o'er
(again.

XXXV.

Thus Death, the King of Terrors, he subdu'd,
And fall'n Man's short Life renew'd ;
Then did the Godlike Hero fly
Up to his Father's Judgment-Seat on high,
And his own glorious Death proclaim'd thro' all the Sky.

XXXVI.

Hail! Mighty Judge of Sleepers in the Grave.
Hail! King of Saints, mighty to save.
In Heav'n possess the highest Room;
Thou from thy Father's own Right-Hand shalt come,
A just avenging God, to speak the fatal Doom.

XXXVII.

Thee Sages old, and vig'rous Youths, shall praise,
Babes shall their tender Voices raise,
Chaste Matrons, and the Virgin Quire,
Such as who burn with pure and hallow'd Fire,
Earth shall repeat their Notes, Heav'n shall their Songs
(inspire.

XXXVIII.

Thee silent Streams shall praise, and Seas that roar,
Thee every Rock and every Shore:
Rain, Snow, and Frost, and burning Rays,
Fair Woods, fresh Air, cool Nights, and sultry Days,
Loudly, from Age to Age, shall sound thine endless
(Praise.



T H E



THE
 Fourteenth ODE
 OF THE
 Second Book of *HORACE*.

O Friend, how fleeting are the Years of Man,
 How are they shrunk, how dwindled to a
 (Span!
 Vertue it self adds not one Minute's Space,
 Nor keeps an aged Furrow from the Face.
 Death is a Tyrant neither loves nor fears,
 Not scar'd with Threatnings, nor ev'n mov'd by Tears.
 If the grim Shade once beckens you away,
 Tho' Hecatombs you ev'ry Morning pay,
 Ten Hecatombs will fail to bribe a Moment's Stay.
 For Death with equal Boldness strikes the Door
 Of rich Mens Courts, and Cottages of Poor.
 That Foe to all our Race, comes on so fast,
 Not one that lives but must submit at last,

And

And hurry'd blindly be to that one Place,
 Where Kings and Slaves, and Wife and Fools embrace.
 The mighty CÆSAR's now compell'd to lie
 In the dark Dungeon of Mortality:
 His Thoughts no more with Thirst of Empire burn,
 Bounded within the Compass of an Urn.

In vain we shun the Cruelties of Arms,
 In vain the roaring Ocean's rude Alarms:
 In vain we Plagues and Southern Vapours fly,
 Ills, that swarm thick in Autumn's sickly Sky:
 For all must o'er the gloomy Waters ride,
 Where black COCYTUS rolls his lazy Tide.
 With the least Shock th' immortal Substance flies,
 Nature's undress'd, and the Clay Creature dies.
 Happy the Man, who treads so just a Way,
 That gladly he Death's Summons can obey.
 But curs'd are they, who in their Stains retire,
 Condemn'd to scorch in Streams of liquid Fire,
 Where Murderers, and all the wicked Race,
 Bear everlasting Marks of their Disgrace.

Nor shall your House, Estate, and charming Wife,
 Be any longer yours, than for your Life:
 The prattling Children, you so dearly prize,
 Will yield no Joy to your benighted Eyes.
 A Velvet Coffin, and a finer Shroud,
 Can only serve to mark you from the Crowd.
 Of all the Trees you nurse with Cost and Care,
 None will descend to the poor Master's Share,

But

But a few Cypress Boughs to dress your Herse :
Your very Name shall dye, except it lives in Verse.

Then will your Heir release th' imprison'd Wine,
A Treasure you with hundred Locks confine,
That the proud Floor shall with his drunken Triumphs
(shine ;
Such splendid Meals he'll double on his Guests,
As pamper'd Pontiffs when they treat their Priests.



To

But



To Mr. YOUNG.

Written on a Leaf of his POEM
On the Last Day.

By T. WARTON, *M. A. of Magd. Col. Oxon.*

HERE let the Atheist tremble; thou alone
Canst bid his conscious Heart the Godhead
Whom wilt thou not reform? O! thou hast
(own.
(seen

How God descends to judge the Souls of Men.
Thou heardst the Sentence! how the Guilty mourn,
Driv'n from their God, and never to return.
Yet more: (For oh! not impious Man alone,
But Earth next brings Almighty Vengeance down.)
Sudden, alas! ten thousand Thunders fall,
And lo! Cælestial Fire consumes the Ball.
But as All sinks when ev'ry Bolt is hurl'd,
Thou view'st the boundless Ruins of the World.
So fell the Sulphur on the destin'd Plain,
When guilty SODOM felt the burning Rain:
So the Great PATRIARCH, when the Storm was pass'd,
With pious Horror view'd the mighty Waste:

The

The Smoke still roll'd its restless Clouds around,
 For ever rising from the glowing Ground.
 But tell me (O! what heav'nly Pleasure!) tell,
 To think so greatly, and describe so well?
 How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous Theme to try,
 And find a humane Mind could soar so high!
 Beyond this World the Labour to pursue,
 And open all Eternity to View!

Yet art thou best delighted to rehearse
 Heav'n's holy Dictates in exalted Verse:
 O thou hast Power the harden'd Heart to warm,
 To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm:
 To make Mankind on God alone be fix'd,
 And in this Life anticipate the next!



G

UPON



UPON THE
DEATH
OF
Bishop *PATRICK.*

WEAK Limbs, fall'n Cheeks, grey Hairs, too
(true Presage
Of Nature's yielding to decrepit Age!
The Oil of Life consum'd, the sacred Lamps
(expire;
The Fuel burnt, extinguish'd is the Fire:
The Roots decay'd, no more the Trees can grow;
The Springs dry'd up, the Fountains cease to flow.

With lifted Hands, see, the good PASTOR lies!
Like wasted Tapers wink his dying Eyes.
With all its Force Death rushes on the Prey,
And bears in Pomp the sacred Spoils away.
PHYSICK would gladly all its Aid impart;
But Nature scorns to be repair'd by Art.
The Period of his Toils is now decreed,
And the Soul longs from Bondage to be freed.

With

With eager Joy he wings his airy Flight,
 Passes the Stars, and shines an Orb of Light.
 Yet still his Gain we as our Loss deplore,
 Now but the Half of what we were before:
 He was the better Half, that mov'd the Whole;
 We're but the Carcass, left by him the Soul.
 But why of Death should we begin Complaint?
 It spoil'd the Man, but could not hurt the Saint.
 When a good Shepherd's to his Lord retir'd,
 Belov'd by Angels, as by Men admir'd,
 His Happiness we envy, whilst we grieve,
 None should the Lab'rer of his Hire bereave.
 Long a triumphant Patience had he shown,
 And now's rewarded with a radiant Crown.
 Worn out with Study, and with Years, he goes
 To gain immortal Vigour and Repose.
 His Mind now thinks, intuitive of Truth;
 His Face now blooms with everlasting Youth.
 But yet, O happy Soul! if thou canst know
 The Sorrows of thy mournful Flock below,
 Vouchsafe, from thy bless'd Mansion of the Skies,
 To shed one Ray from thy propitious Eyes,
 That quickly will dispel our Clouds of Grief;
 (Our Cares had still thy Pity and Relief!)
 Then, by thy Influence cheer'd, thy Sons shall find
 The Prophet gone, his Mantle left behind.



*Upon the Morning we are to
receiue the Holy Communion.*

An HYMN, translated from *AQUINAS*,
by Bishop *PATRICK*.

I.

SUCH Joys as Angels felt when CHRIST drew
(nigh,
When CHRIST ascended up on High,
Such Joys this holy Sacrament attend;
May CHRIST into our prostrate Hearts descend.
Souls in the Dust, advance! Put on new Rays,
Sing this new Song in our great Master's Praise.
'Tis a plain Song, you'll sing it at first View;
New Hearts, new Hymns, new Lives should prove it
(true;
Old Things are pa's'd away, and all Things become
(new.

II.

O wond'rous Night! Strange Supper of the LORD!
I come, said he, my God, to do thy Will:
I must all Rites, all Promises fulfill.

For

For his selected Twelve the sacred Board
 With his own Type, the PASCHAL LAMB, was spread,
 All he their dark Forefathers would afford,
 With a plain Sallad, and no pleasant Bread.
 When on the dusky Type the Twelve had fed,
 With his own Hands he deals his Body for a Dole,
 So deals it to them all, that each receives the Whole;

III.

Their Flesh was weak, therefore he nobly gave
 His Flesh to strengthen what in them was frail :
 Sorrow had fill'd their Hearts, Sorrow would have
 Refreshing Wine; under Wine's mystick Veil
 He into them his own Heart's Blood convey'd,
 Gave it for him, who that rich Blood betray'd.
 To ev'ry one he said, THIS BLOOD IS MINE;
 But take, and drink, and make it thine,
 And so be like the mighty Man refresh'd with Wine.

IV.

Be this the Sacrifice of Praise, said He,
 And DO THIS in MEMORIAL still of me.
 None but the sep'rate Holy Priest come near,
 To bless and part it to the Laity :
 His Mother (worthy Deaconess) came not there,
 Although her Womb his Temple were.
 We have an Altar; he that shall aspire
 To offer there with strange unhallow'd Fire,
 May feel a stranger Fire from Heaven, or dwell
 With endless Burnings in the deepest Hell.

V.

To Day is that fulfill'd and understood,
 How Man should eat the Angels Food :
 All its old airy Shadows chac'd away,
 Substantial Food comes down from Heav'n to Day.
 Mirac'lous Feast ! where the poor humble Slave,
 To whom the wealthy Glutton bars his Doors,
 While every Dog belicks the LAZAR's Sores,
 Who Alms, which would not court a Dog, may crave,
 Now, like a royal, welcome Guest,
 Feeds on his LORD himself, at his mirac'lous Feast.





On very Tempestuous Weather.

From St. *AMBROSE*, by the *SAME*.

I.

THE Clouds have veil'd our heav'nly Sphere;
The Day's shut up; the Sun is fled!
All the long Night no Stars appear,
Nor dares the Moon once shew her Head.

II.

What dreadful Lightning fires the Air!
In Thunder Pole to Pole replies;
All Nature quakes, and cries, Prepare,
For the World's Axis drops, the Skies.

III.

The Seas are swell'd with Winds and Rain,
The Seas forget their ancient Bounds,
O'er inland Countries flows the Main,
And the Ships plough the fallow Grounds.

In

IV.

In vain the Seaman seeks the Shore,
 Amak'd, now ev'ry Sea-mark fails;
 Where Vines and Fig-trees grew before,
 And where the Mowers reapt, he fails.

V.

The wretched Farmer drown'd in Tears,
 Sees a Year's Labour of his Hands,
 Which floating lies in full-charg'd Ears,
 With Children, Cattle, Houses, Lands.

VI.

Roofs from their Buildings torn away,
 Turn'd upside down, one Ruin make;
 With the poor Birds proud Fishes play,
 In Cottages which rock and shake.

VII.

The lofty Trees are overthrown,
 Trees, Nests, and Young-ones, swim along;
 Still the old Raven makes her Moan,
 And still she calls upon her Young.

VIII.

Men at their Windows stand and gaze,
 Gaze on the Flood with woful Eyes,
 While the devout Sex always prays,
 And them the Flood with Boats supplies.

CHRIST,

IX.

" CHRIST, spare us, since thy Blood is spilt:
" The World once perish'd by a Flood,
" To cleanse the sinful Earth from Guilt;
" But now 'tis cleans'd by thine own Blood.

X.

" O! send thy Dove, in Sign of Peace,
" When he the Branch of Olive brings,
" Then from their Rage the Waters cease,
" O! send thy Dove with Silver Wings.



H

An



*An HYMN for a Fasting-Day,
at the Ninth Hour.*

From *PRUDENTIUS*, by the SAME.

I.

O Mighty JESU! who with gentle Hand
Dost strongly guide, kindly command,
With Silken Curb, and no stiff Rein,
And with no rugged Law thy Servants dost restrain;
Tho' thou didst bear, as an incarnate God,
Thy sacred Body's precious Load,
Inimitable Toils didst bear,
Yet laidst thou on our Necks a Yoke far less severe.

II.

Now's the Ninth Hour, an Hour of Pray'r; the Sun
Thus far his whirling Course has run,
Almost three Parts of his old Race; (Place.
One fourth of Light remains, then Darkneſs takes his
We in Devotion miſſing our Repaſt,
Already break ſo ſhort a Faſt;
Already ſuch full Boards enjoy,
Enough to ſerve, to pleaſe, if not enough to cloy.

Our

III.

Our everlasting Father is so free,
 Such an indulgent Tutor he,
 He with short Toil our Ease commends,
 Small Abstinence accepts, then great Refreshment sends.
 Nor does he love whom fordid Cloaths disgrace,
 Nor the disfigur'd LENTEN Face,
 To boast the Fast which we should hide,
 With Looks and Hair adorn'd with no indecent Pride.

IV.

He bids thee, who dost Fast, have nothing foul,
 No more thy Body than thy Soul;
 Put not thy native Red away, (Clay.
 Affect not, whilst thou liv'st, dead-colour'd Cheeks of
 Our Free-will Offerings, meant to God alone,
 Are nobler when conceal'd than shown;
 Our Closet-Incense he regards,
 He who in secret sees, but openly rewards.

V.

He, the good Shepherd, seeks one drooping Sheep,
 Not able with the Flock to keep,
 Where all are safe and sound but this, (Fleece.
 While ev'ry creeping Bush tears the poor Wand'rer's
 He on his Shoulders does it safely lay,
 And drives the envious Wolves away;
 'Till it gets Health he gets no Sleep,
 And to the Sunny Fold brings it, no drooping Sheep.

VI.

He leads it to the Plains, and flow'ry Meads,
 Where Spring her verdant Carpet spreads,
 Where not a choaking Burr can shoot,
 Nor prickly Thistle grow, nor barbed Thorn take Root.
 But a delicious Grove of lofty Palms,
 And wholsom Plants drop nat'ral Balms
 Down their curl'd Heads, and Laurel-Shades,
 A living Cristal Stream, Laurel which never fades.

VII.

O faithful Shepherd! for thy bounteous Cares
 How many Lives, how many Pray'rs,
 Shall we repay? Yet all too few, (too.
 For him who sav'd our Lives, and still preserves them
 Tho' the fresh Pastures gladly we forsake,
 And willing Penance undertake,
 And mortify, 'till truly dead,
 And praying Night and Day, forget our daily Bread.

VIII.

All these officious Pains to him run low,
 Nor rise to his, which overflow;
 Both his full Hands large Blessings hold,
 When our frail Vessel breaks, if once we make too bold.
 Least our frail Vessel, form'd of sandy Clay,
 Its Atoms loos'ning, should decay,
 For Fear the Blood chill in our Veins, (reigns.
 Till weak'ning the whole Frame, the watry Humour

The

IX.

The broad Highway of Abstinence is so,
 As God makes Room enough to go,
 Where he drives none, but leads at Ease.
 Travel we may, as far, as fast too, as we please;
 Act as we please, we shall be free from Blame,
 Commencing all in his great Name;
 Whether our Food we still delay,
 Or whether here we close our solemn Fast to Day.

X.

He, who with Eyes of Mercy sees the Heart,
 Takes the good Meaning in good Part :
 Bless we our sober Meal with Pray'r,
 'Twill soon our Soul's as well as Body's Health repair.
 If Soul and Body live, I justly say,
 Our Meals DID US MUCH GOOD TO DAY;
 Gifts which a double Life restore,
 For which, great Giver, still we humbly THEE adore.





On the Resurrection of the same Body.

Translated from *PRUDENTIUS's* Conclusion of his *Apotheosis*. By the SAME.

NOW CHRIST is risen, what are you who
 (dare
 Deride my Hopes, or tempt me to despair?
 Sure I shall one Day come the Way he came,
 Trampling on Death, no more a dreadful Name.
 Me the same Man I was shall he restore ;
 I am not I, if other than before :
 Such Features, but more Lustre in my Eyes,
 Like Looks, like Mien, but nobler when I rise.
 Earth shall disgorge me whole, Heav'n will not spare
 A Tooth, a Nail, a Fibre, or a Hair.
 He who recalls me will not bring me lame ;
 What Resurrection, if there's still a Maim ?
 Where Chance, Disease, or Grief, has ought decay'd,
 Where old, lethargick, eating Age has prey'd,
 When all shall be reviv'd, that all shall be repaid. }
 For vanquish'd Death shall then by Force be just,
 And give Account of every Grain of Dust.

Where

Where Death his Agents, wasting Pains, employ'd,
 Death shall restore what he or they destroy'd.
 Departed Mortals, rescu'd from their Graves,
 Ought to come back entire, and not by halves.
 My sinking Limbs, be fearless, since 'tis true,
 The Prince of Life return'd to quicken you.
 Who carry'd our own Flesh, must needs be kind,
 And raise up our vile Bodies more refin'd.
 Think then on Sicknefs with a gen'rous Scorn,
 Think Wounds and Scars may easily be born:
 Defy the yawning Grave, and march away,
 Led by your mighty Chief on his high EASTER-DAY.



Upon



Upon the RESURRECTION
of LAZARUS.

St. JOHN, Cap. II.

HOW dares my flatt'ring MUSE, my humble
 Upon these noble Wonders dwell so long? ^{(Song,}
 Of him who rais'd thee to proclaim the ^{(Worth,}
 Once more from Darkness, LAZARUS, COME FORTH.
 Whence rose that Voice, with such a pow'rful Sound,
 As reach'd thee, thro' Death's Chambers, under ^{(Ground?}
 Whose Summons made thee start, and stand upright,
 When laid so low, wrapt up in lasting Night?
 Where lies the Gulph, which all Mankind devours?
 Are those dark Regions bordering upon ours?
 Those melancholy Hills which Poets feign?
 Those dreadful Vales where they make Chaos reign?
 The River, from a Source unseen, which laves
 The thirsty Banks with ever-burning Waves?

The

The Saviour wept, as he approach'd the Grave;
 Huge massy Stones secur'd the hollow Cave:
 But when the Prince of Life to th' Entrance came,
 And cited his cold lifeless Friend by Name:
 Strait flew aside the pond'rous rocky Bar,
 Strait issued out Death's Pris'ner slain in War.

You, his glad Sisters, loose, and let him go;
 Sweet, Aromatic Exhalations flow
 From his pure Shroud; no Steams which foul the
 His Eyes resparkle, and his Looks are fair, (Air; }
 And his pale Cheeks grow ruddy as they were.
 To his fall'n House who could the Guest restore,
 But he who built the curious Frame before?
 Again the Lamp of Life, rekindling, glow'd,
 And the dull Clay with Purple Currents flow'd.

O Death! how quick of Hearing art thou grown,
 Once deaf to all, and tractable to none?
 How art thou tam'd, wild Beast, how should this be?
 What mighty NIMROD has thus hunted thee?
 Who snatch'd me from thy Paws, thou must confess,
 Than JESUS, the great God, could be no less.
 To those a Saviour who deny to have,
 May'st thou be still the Jaylor of the Grave:
 Keep at thy Pleasure all the Damn'd in Pain;
 But free the Just, nor go beyond thy Chain.



A TRANSLATION out of St. Gregory Nazianzen, bemoaning the Burning of his Church.

By THEOPHILUS.

BY Sea, by Land, strange Evils have I borne,
 By Foes, call'd Friends, by Wolves, call'd
 (Shepherds, torn.
 But this, the strangest, melts to Streams my
 To see our Temple a Burnt-Sacrifice. (Eyes,
 None, when Mount SION the proud SYRIANS took,
 None on their Temple cast a sadder Look:
 For th' Ark of GOD none so their Garments rent,
 Not JACOB could his JOSEPH so lament.
 No Lions so moan'd her Young Ones slain;
 Nor he, whose Lambs they slew, could so complain.
 No Bird so wail'd, whose Nest was torn away,
 To see her unfledg'd Offspring made a Prey;
 As I those sacred Ruins must deplore,
 That sinking Pile, but just repair'd before;
 Still as my Heart and Tongue remember Thee,
 So let my Saviour still remember me.

Of

Oft on my Eye-lids when soft Slumber falls,
 My Dream is of a Crowd in Great St. PAUL's.
 An airy Temple in my Mind I rear,
 And o'er the pleasing Vision drop a Tear:
 Fancy the Singers, and the Virgin-Quire,
 People that pray, and Strangers that admire;
 Widows and Orphans, Pilgrims, Sick, and Poor,
 Watching GOD's Alm'ners at his Church's Door.





An Epistle to THEOPHILUS.

From *PHILOMUSUS*.

WHilst angry Waves the raging Deep deform,
And my torn Vessel scarce sustains a Storm:
Whilst my afflicted Life no Changes knows,
But sad Vicissitudes of various Woes:

Your Friendly Care still guides me to the Shore,
Where safe I sit, and hear the Tempest roar.
Thus when an Angel views Mankind distress'd,
He feels Compassion pleading in his Breast:
With Speed the Heavenly Guardian downward flies,
And, to preserve the Wretched, leaves the Skies.

Whilst you despise, with a becoming Hate,
The pompous Misery of being Great;
And from the World illustriously retire,
With all the Virtues which the World admire:
Still by your Favour let the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her Laurels in more fruitful Ground:

The

The grateful Mus^e will, in Return, bestow,
 Her growing Laurels to adorn your Brow.
 So when Winds whistle, and descending Rain
 Pours from above, and deluges the Plain,
 The fragrant Flow'r enjoys the friendly Aid
 Of some vast Oak, and smiles beneath the Shade;
 Its balmy Odours with the Show'rs renews,
 Which from the Leaves distil in kindly Dews;
 And when the Fury of the Storm is laid,
 Repays with Sweets the hospitable Shade.
 Hard is their Fate, who when they long endure
 Trains of Afflictions, late receive a Cure:
 Who like tall Ships, on liquid Mountains tofs'd,
 Before they'r fav'd, must almost first be lost,
 You, e'er the Danger comes, a Refuge show,
 And, as it threatens, intercept the Blow.
 Thus to Great HECTOR, prostrate on the Ground,
 The God approach'd, and snatch'd him from the
 (Wound,

Some the vain Promises of Courts betray,
 And Hope of Grandeur makes them pleas'd to stray:
 The flatt'ring Nothing still deludes their Eyes,
 Seems ever coming, yet it ever flies;
 As Perspectives present the Object nigh,
 Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking Eye.
 Thus Time rolls on, and as succeeding Years
 Encrease, they sadly too encrease in Cares:
 And then, when Age invidiously destroys
 The Pow'r to taste the long-expected Joys;

Fortune

Fortune falls on them in a Golden Show'r,
 Malignly smiles, and curses them with Store.
 Thus o'er the Urns of Friends departed, weep
 The mournful Kindred, and fond Vigils keep ;
 Their fragrant Ointments on the Ashes shed,
 And scatter useless Roses on the Dead :
 And when no more avail the Solemn Rites,
 The spicy Incense, and the World's Delights,
 With fruitless Zeal they watch the silent Tombs,
 Profusely wasting Clouds of vain Perfumes.





A HYMN at the Cock-crowing.

By Bishop *PATRICK*.

I.

FATHER of Lights, without Eclipse or Change,
Who made'st the World with that great
(Word, LET BE;
Who Days, and Nights, and Times, dost
(wisely range,
Life would be loath'd, without Variety.

II.

NOW CHANTECLEER proclaims the coming Day,
Now the Night's Watcher crows with early Pride;
His lofty Song guides Travellers that stray,
And Darkneſs from the Darkneſs does divide.

III.

The Day-Star at his Call begins to riſe,
And foggy Damps retreat at his Alarm;
The hateful Crew of wand'ring Spirits flies,
Following the Night, and frees the Day from Harm.

His

IV.

His Mattins sung the lab'ring Seaman cheers,
 When after Midnight-Storms the Sea grows calm;
 When the Cock crew CHRIST's Fisherman shed Tears,
 Tears to his wounded Mind a sov'reign Balm.

V.

High Time 'tis then for vig'rous Souls to rise,
 So Nature's winged Herald warns us all,
 And seems to urge the Sinner, who denies
 To rise like PETER, who like PETER fall.

VI.

His sprightly Notes wake lively Hope betimes,
 Men on sick Beds almost forget their Pain;
 Night-Thieves put up their Swords, put off their Crimes;
 Apostates pray, and turn to Saints again.

VII.

O JESUS, Mediator, deign to see,
 Where our Feet slip; Us with thine Eye controll,
 Tho' bruised with many Falls, one Look from Thee
 Will make us weep, and Weeping make us whole.

VIII.

Light of the World! O cast on us thy Rays,
 Dispel the Fumes which cloud our Minds too long;
 And when our Mouths are fill'd with thy due Praise,
 We'll come before thy Presence with a Song.

On



On the Creation of the World.

GREAT Parent, hear! Propitious Rays diffuse;
Shine on the Product of a trembling Muse:
A Muse inspir'd no trifling Tribute brings,
The Glories of thy noble Acts she sings.

To Heav'n and Earth my Numbers first belong,
They first were made, and first shall grace my Song.
When all was Chaos, Earth a shapeless Mass,
Before each Element had known its Place,
Before the Sun had climb'd its steepy Height,
Or the Moon shed her Beams of borrow'd Light;
When Nature, rude, shunn'd her approaching Pride,
As Brides in Night their glowing Blushes hide:
Thou, Mighty Father, bidst thy Rays divine
Serenely on the astonish'd Heap to shine.
Th' astonish'd Heap, struck with a sacred Awe,
Obey'd the Pow'r of thy creating Law:
Thou speak'st again, the Watry Store subsides,
And humbly to th' appointed Channels glides:
Nor shall the tow'ring Waves presume to stray,
But gently kiss their Shores, and roll away.
Earth stands secure, on its firm Basis laid,
Not to be mov'd but by the Hand 'twas made:

K

Its

Its Weight confines it to a lower Seat,
 Nor has it Pow'r t'advance or to retreat:
 Whilst the thin Æther next to Empyreal Skies
 Spreads and dilates their Regions as it flies.
 The Sun-created Morn their Beams displays,
 And cheers all Nature with enliv'ning Rays:
 The vanquish'd Shades withdraw in wild Affright,
 And own the glitt'ring Triumphs of the Light.
 But cease, my Muse,— What in six Days was done,
 And that by God's Omnipotence alone,
 Can ne'er by human Means be told in One.





A N

*EASTER-HYMN,*By Bishop *PATRICK.*Translated from *PRUDENTIUS.*

WILL not thy Heart yet ake? will it not bleed,
 Woful JUDEA, for thy bloody Deed?
 Now open thy dull Eyes, now see and know,
 Whether our JESUS be a GOD, or no.

He, by whose Will thy SABBATH was disus'd,
 Us to an endless SABBATH introduc'd.

He, like the Sun, with Healing in his Wings,
 Rose on the Nations, and the Gentile Kings:
 The World he governs, and he grasps the Ball;
 ROME, the World's Empress, at his Feet does fall,
 And every Pagan God in ROME's proud Capitol.

Let the Fool's Tutor, sad Experience, show
 What strong avenging Hand now plagues thee so;
 Scourging thy Superstition, most unwise,
 Which Laws divine so carnally applies.

That sacred Pile, so admirably built
 By thy rare Architects, so nobly gilt;
 Has it now left a Stone upon a Stone,
 Or an Inscription of King SOLOMON?
 For since but mortal Gods are greatest Kings,
 Temples they build can be but mortal Things;
 Since all Things made with Hands to Ruin tend,
 Art gives short Being, Time a fatal End.

Should you now ask me where OUR Temple stands?
 I'll tell you: Ours was never made with Hands.
 There's no tall Pine, no Cedar, fell'd and plain'd,
 No polish'd Marble delicately vein'd;
 No curious Arch, on which the mighty Weight,
 By GEOMETRY forgets its tow'ring Height:
 'Tis built by GOD's own WORD, of ancient Date.
 No Time of Silence, e'er that WORD was spoke,
 Nor then, by any Sound was Silence broke.
 THE WORD MADE FLESH, THAT we our Temple call,
 Which, tho' the World shall end, will never fall.
 THE TEMPLE OF HIS BODY, spiteful JEW,
 Thou by the Cross and Torture wouldst subdue,
 And thou has't gain'd thy Hellish Point, 'tis true.
 That feeble Part he to his Mother gave,
 And for a while was captiv'd by the Grave:
 But from his Father's Majesty deriv'd,
 On the third Morn his better Part reviv'd.
 Thine Eyes beheld this Temple mount on high,
 This Sanctuary, whither I must fly,
 Guarded by Troops of Angels, pierc'd the Sky.

When

When its Approach the well-pleas'd Angels knew,
 Their everlasting Doors wide open flew,
 The Tow'r impregnable is scal'd that Day,
 And left behind it a bright Milky Way.
 But, oh! thy Temple is become a Tomb!
 POMPEY the Great carry'd thy Spoils to ROME;
 And then the valiant TIRUS seal'd thy Doom;
 Pluck'd up thy Nation by the very Root,
 Left thee no Place on Earth to fix thy Foot.
 Thus, wand'ring JEW, thou art condemn'd to roam,
 But justly banish'd from thy native Home.
 Thou felt'st his Terrors, whom thou hast deny'd,
 And with the Blood of GOD thy Soul is dy'd.
 How are thy pious Ancestors forgot?
 Their Heirs are Slaves, their Scutcheons have a Blot;
 Descended from the Noble and the Good;
 But bloody Minds embase the noblest Blood.
 Th' Apostles could the Gentile World subdue,
 So glorious was the Faith whilst it was new.
 Those faithless Nations knew no God before,
 Now say the CREED, and triumph, and adore:
 The JEWS to CHRIST himself disdain'd to bow;
 To CHRISTIAN Lords they bend as VASSALS NOW.



*An HYMN for the Eves of
the MARTYRS.*

By the SAME.

I.

COME, all ye Saints on Earth, and let us sing
The joyful Triumphs of the Saints on
(high:
My Mind is fix'd, my Muse is on the
(Wing,
And to those glorious Conq'rors longs to fly.

II.

They struck the World with awful Fear, to see
How they its flow'ry Gayeties abhorr'd,
Marching thro' Desarts up to Heav'n, and Thee,
CHRIST, their Great Leader, and all-gracious Lord.

III.

They, for thy Sake, the Devil and Man defy'd,
The cruel Rods and tort'ring Scourges foil'd;
Their Adamantine Hearts all Engines try'd,
But all from the bright Shield of Faith recoil'd.

As

As Beasts for Sacrifice, so were they slain,
Slain with the Sword, yet never once repin'd;
Good Conscience, dumb, and scorning to complain,
Possess'd their Souls in Patience so resign'd.

IV.

What Tongue of Men or Angels can express
The Glories thou for Martyrs hast in Store,
Whom thou with thy most radiant Crowns wilt bless,
When they come reeking to thee in their Gore.

V.

Almighty Thou, with Eyes of Pity see,
And wash our Spots; no fiery Trial send;
Give us, weak Men, Peace in our Time, and we
Shall give thee Praise when Time itself shall end.





*On a Prospect of the Universi-
ty from the Top of an Hill.*

A PRAYER for its Prosperity.

By the SAME.

I.

HAIL! to those sacred Mansions, great and
(high!
Methinks a Glory o'er each Chapel dwells,
CHRIST'S Colours streaming there of Crim-
(son Die;
Each Off'ring like the Balm of GILEAD smells,
Which, mix'd with od'rous Gums, all mean Perfumes
(excells.

II.

LORD, on each holy Pile, each House of Pray'r,
Open, still open thy propitious Eyes;
Bow down thine Ear, be they thy special Care,
Who after Sun-set, and before Sun-rise,
Those Benedictions ask thy Bounty ne'er denies.

Let

III.

Let thy good Angels fill the Place frequent;
 Send from thy Treasures of Celestial Grace
 Those Gifts thy Holy Spirit oft has sent,
 Send them, blest'd Father, on that chosen Place;
 Lift up thy Light serene on all who seek thy Face.

IV.

Thou bade'st the heav'nly Meteor take its Stand
 O'er thine Itinerant Temple in the Way,
 When ISRAEL travell'd o'er the barren Sand:
 As thou wert't in that Meteor, so, I pray,
 Dart thro' yon sacred Roofs a kind inspiring Ray.

V.

O! thou, who didst an Orient Cloud prepare,
 To fill that House which fill'd the Mouth of Fame,
 That Day 'twas hallow'd by its Founder's Pray'r;
 Greater than SOLOMON, Thou art the same,
 To shine on them who now invoke thy glorious Name.

VI.

Whoever there, dread Lord, shall Thee adore,
 And beg thy Pardon with a broken Heart,
 Prostrate upon the consecrated Floor,
 The Pardon which they beg do thou impart;
 All Plague, Diseases, Grievs, from them, O Lord, di-
 (vert.

VII.

All who are there with thy blest'd Body fill'd,
 And with thy precious Blood, Good Angel's Fare,
 Under the Wings of thy Compassion shield;
 For they thy Servants, thy sworn Servants are,
 Let them thine endless Joys, and endless Glory share.

VIII.

Son of the Father, who the Worlds didst frame,
 And thine Elect redeem with thine own Blood,
 Who take'st away our Sins, O thou the Lamb!
 To that blest'd Colony of thine be good,
 Wash them all clean for Heav'n in thy rich Purple
 (Flood.





On the Egyptian Darkness.

From the seventeenth Chapter of *Wisdom*.

ASSIST me, O JEHOVAH! to proclaim
The mighty Wonders of thy glorious Name.
The noble Light thy mighty Wonders give,
Guides us to Thee, and brings us to believe.

The more we see, the more thy Works reveal
Thy Grandeur, O ador'd Invisible!
Thy matchless Miracles thy Godhead prove,
And teach us to revere, admire, and love.
EGYPT and her abandon'd Prince can tell
What 'tis to vex thy darling ISRAEL.
For ISRAEL thou made'st thy Pow'r divine
So dreadfully in EGYPT's Judgments shine.
Thy Miracles, unutterably great,
Compell'd th' unnurtur'd Souls to urge their Fate:
Forcing their MAGI with Regret to own,
That they and Hell must bow before thy Throne.
At meanest Insects they confounded stood,
They who from Rods rais'd Snakes, from Water Blood:
Amaz'd, they saw their Magick Art confin'd,
And with the God th' unequal Strife declin'd.

Long had the holy Nation dragg'd their Chain,
 And often groan'd for Ease, but groan'd in vain.
 Deeper they sunk, the more they strove to rise,
 And, pleas'd, the Oppressor heard their mournful Cries:
 Their mournful Cries ascended to their God;
 Well-pleas'd, he heard, and broke their Iron Rod.
 Who, without trembling, can the Woes recite
 Of Pris'ners fetter'd in the Bonds of Night?
 When Owners in their Houses fought Defence,
 As Exiles from th' eternal Providence.

The hardest Lot which Providence can give,
 Is to permit the Wretched LONG to live;
 Were it not answer'd, that its great Intent
 Is to reform them by their Punishment.
 They who had LONG indulg'd their secret Guilt,
 Committed Fraud, or Blood in private spilt,
 Had fled from Justice, shun'd the hateful Light,
 And blest'd the peaceful Refuge of the Night,
 In Hopes that its dark Veil would screen the Fault,
 'Till Justice were appeas'd, and they forgot,
 Now shun themselves and their pursuing Thought. }
 Darkness affords no Shelter from their Fear;
 Conscience forebodes, and haunts them every where.
 Their Reason in a Maze of Fancy's lost,
 And every Corner furnish'd with a Ghost:
 The Ghost they wrong'd still stalks before their Sight,
 Still changing Shapes, more hideous by the Night.
 Now some grim Spectres becken them away,
 Now some more ghastly twitch them back to stay.

A thousand monstrous Forms they think they see,
 Which ne'er had Being, and which ne'er can be.
 In Crowds they see them throng their baleful Cell;
 The fiery Dragons hiss; the fierce Chimæra's yell!

Scarce is this dreadful Scene of Terrors o'er,
 But strait th' Almighty's Thunders seem to roar,
 The Floods insult the Banks, the raging Torrents
 Then in fantastick Tempests they rebound,
 Then in imaginary Gulphs are drown'd.

No starry Flames the woful Midnight cheer,
 No gentle Gales refresh the burden'd Air;
 Perpetual Gloom o'erloads the lab'ring Sky,
 Pregnant with Fate, unwholsom, hot, and dry.
 In vain they ply their humane Arts for Light,
 No Sparks could flash in this substantial Night.
 Only Self-kindled Fires, whose horrid Blaze
 Adds new Confusion to their wild Amaze.

They who had long convers'd with Pow'rs below,
 Skilful the Magick Mysteries to know,
 To guess at Aspects, Destinies reveal,
 And, more than all, the threat'ning Stars foretell,
 Now find the Tow'rings of their Pride debas'd,
 Their Wisdom humbled, and their Art disgrac'd.
 They who pretended Nature to command,
 Avert Disease, and their own Fate withstand;
 They, who could fondly promise to expel,
 And bind the Dæmons to their Walks of Hell,

Vain

Vain Exorcists! now feel their Pow'rs confin'd,
 Chain'd with the Fetters of a guilty Mind.
 No more they joy to taste the pleasant Air,
 Griev'd that the Light should circle every where,
 Which shews them self-condemn'd, and heightens
 (their Despair.)

Of all the Torments, those are worst within,
 When the Mind's rack'd with a delib'rate Sin;
 When gnawing Conscience on the Bowels feeds,
 And the poor wounded Heart for ever bleeds.
 For Conscience chiding for a Deed amiss,
 Proves more than many thousand Witnesses.
 Their feeble Hands, their quiv'ring Knees reveal
 The secret Tortures which the Wicked feel.
 A livid Gloom thro' every Feature rolls,
 Speaking that Guilt which harrows up their Souls.
 A languid Pale the sparkling Red supplies,
 Flags on their Cheeks, and sickens in their Eyes.
 A chilly Horror Nature's Pow'rs restrains,
 Curdles their Blood, and freezes up their Veins.
 Convulsive Pantings interrupt their Breath,
 They droop their Heads, and die for Fear of Death.

If e'er their Thoughts to future Times remove,
 The future Times their present Hopes reprove:
 With sad Presages of their Fear they rave,
 And cannot bear a Look beyond the Grave.
 What Succour Reason to their Mind conveys,
 Fear, that unfaithful Counsellor, betrays.

If e'er soft Slumbers close their useleſs Eyes,
 Dire Forms advance, and ghastly Spectres riſe:
 In vain from balmy Sleep they ſeek Relief,
 That ſeeming Remedy fomentſ their Grief.
 They dream they're doom'd in liquid Fires to dwell,
 Plung'd in the Bottoms of the deepeſt Hell.
 They dream a Thouſand vengeful Dæmons wait
 To ſeize their Souls, and execute their Fate.
 Theſe Phantoms o'er their ev'ry Senſe prevail,
 The more they ſtrive for Help, the more they fail;
 Beneath the Fetters of their Fear they groan,
 Which clogg the Wheels of Life, and ſtiffen them to
 (Stone.

The Huſbandman ſtands rooted in the Field,
 His Charge neglected, and the Glebe untill'd:
 The Shepherd, heedleſs of his woolly Care,
 Sits down aghaſt, and petrifies with Fear.
 Their Gyant-Limbs no more the Lab'ers boaſt,
 Their Sinewy Nerves unſtrung, their Vigour loſt.
 Fix'd in the Harneſs ſtands the mettled Steed,
 Nor wants the Rein to check him in his Speed.
 All are o'ertaken, all compell'd to lie
 Bound with the Chains of dark Neceſſity.
 Slaves to their Guilt, and captiv'd by their Fears,
 They're ſhut in Priſons without Iron Bars:
 No Priſons hold them like their wild Affright,
 No Chains are heavier than this mighty Night.
 Was it the Whiſtling of an Ev'ning Breeze,
 Or warbling Birds amongſt the ſhady Trees;

Or Waters gently falling down an Hill,
 Which spread their Streams, and all the Vallies fill;
 Or was it as a deaf'ning Sound, more loud,
 Like bursting Rocks, or Crashes of a Cloud;
 Or was it as when wanton Echoes chide,
 Rebouncing by an hollow Mountain's Side;
 Or was it, as the Lion's angry Roar,
 Or as tumultuous Seas assault the Shore;
 Or as when grumbling Beasts devour their Prey,
 Or shaggy Satyrs dance in savage Play:
 'Twas dreadful all alike; an hideous Sound,
 Whose Terrors ev'ry Pow'r of Thought confound.
 The dismal Scenes such black Presages give,
 They swoon for Fear, and dye to think they live.

The World beside enjoys the chearful Light;
 The Sun still rules the Day, the Stars the Night:
 None cease from Labour; EGYPT'S Sons alone
 Beneath the Burden of the Darkness groan:
 O'er them alone this gloomy Midnight's spread,
 An Image of the Horrors of the Dead.
 Their present Pains the future Woes foretell,
 Which wait their Sentence to the second Hell:
 Where Souls Apostate range the sultry Coast,
 On Storms of Fire, and burning Billows toss'd,
 For ever to reflect on Heav'n for ever lost.

T H E



T H E

Third Chapter of *Habakkuk*

T R A N S L A T E D.



LORD, thy mighty Wonders I have heard,
 And the Report, like those who saw them,
 (fear'd,
 Wonders which thou in ancient Time hast
 (done;

Proceed to finish what's so well begun.

Revive thy former Work, nor let it be

Hid in the Womb of dark Futurity.

Amidst the Years with so much Glory known,

Never forget the People once thine own.

In Mercy to deliver never spare,

But kindly cherish thy peculiar Care:

Let all thy Mercy with thy Pow'r engage,

And pity us, tho' we deserve thy Rage.

Th' Almighty LORD from Southern TEMAN came,

Encompas'd with a bright devouring Flame:

Th' astonish'd Hills return'd his Rays again,

And PARAN glitter'd with his heav'nly Train.

M

All

All Nature smil'd, transported with the Day,
 Which rais'd her drooping Head, and chac'd away }
 The sickly Damps, which bring insensible Decay.
 Forth from his Hand there shot a Beam so pure,
 No Sight the dazzling Prospect could endure.
 The Pestilence before him raging went,
 Gath'ring new Poisons as its old were spent.
 Sulphureous Coals fell flaming from his Feet,
 To scorch the Nations with consuming Heat.
 He stood — and grasp'd within his spacious Hand
 A Rod, to measure and destroy the Land :
 A-crofs the Land a fatal Line he threw,
 And, lo! the smitten Nations all withdrew.
 Th' affrighted Rocks before his Vengeance fled,
 Each craggy Summit hid its guilty Head :
 Perpetual Hills in trembling Ruins lay,
 And everlasting Mountains shrunk away.

I saw the Tents of CUSHAN in Distress,
 Afflicted, that th' Almighty ceas'd to bless :
 I heard the Land of MIDIAN's doleful Groans,
 And Echo shrieking from the wounded Stones.
 What had the Rivers done, LORD, what the Flood?
 That, angry, thou shouldst turn their Streams to Blood?
 How could the Seas enrage thee for their Foe,
 Exalted thou so high, and they so low?
 How could they bring thee, in thy Pomp to ride,
 In Chariots of Salvation, o'er the Tide,
 And Seas from Seas below, as those above divide? }

All

All naked was display'd thy Bow of War,
 Glaring with ghastly Terror from afar.
 No Pow'rs could its unerring Darts withstand,
 'Till thou had'st brought thy ISRAEL to their Land.
 Thou struck'st the Rocks, and bad'st the Waters flow;
 The Waters knew thy Voice, the Rocks thy Blow.
 The raging Deep, now silent, roll'd away,
 Or, fix'd, in Plains of liquid Christal lay.
 Some bolder Waves, which yet would dare to rise,
 And dash their angry Foam against the Skies,
 Soon as they saw th' Almighty Presence near,
 Cry'd out, and shrunk within themselves for Fear.
 With mournful Voice, and lifted Hands on high,
 They trembling stood, nor try'd the Pow'r to fly.
 The Lights of Heav'n prolong'd the Day and Night,
 And stopt to see the Triumphs of the Fight.
 Nor mov'd they on, 'till they beheld from far
 Thy Crimson Arrows, and thy glitt'ring Spear.

How the LORD thunder'd as he march'd, and hurl'd
 His fiery Hail among the Gentile World!
 He march'd in Wrath — and in a Wrath so strong,
 He thresh'd the Nations as he pass'd along.
 To Earth he struck their haughty Princes Crowns,
 Destroy'd their Villages, and sack'd their Towns.
 They, who like Whirlwinds against ISRAEL came,
 Were strait consum'd with his devouring Flame:
 Th' ætherial Fires their curs'd Possessions burn'd,
 And all their Glory into Ruin turn'd.

This when I heard, my feeble Joints unloos'd,
 A chilly Shiv'ring thro' my Veins diffus'd,
 My Belly trembled, and I would have spoke,
 But fault'ring Words in empty Accents broke.
 Afraid I was; I could not choose but fear,
 To hear such Things, so terrible to hear.
 O! may I LIVE, when he to judge shall rise,
 When with his Troops he shall the World chastise,
 With Thunder in his Voice, and Lightning in his
 (Eyes.)
 From thee, O LORD! then to thee I must fly,
 And for thy Mercy on thy Love rely.
 Tho' no gay Blossoms on the Fig-Tree shine,
 Nor gen'rous Clusters grace the friendly Vine;
 Tho' the rich Labours of the Olive cease,
 And GILEAD yields no more her blest'd Encrease;
 Tho' meager Famine pinch the blighted Earth,
 And each kind Product perish in the Birth;
 Tho' luckless Thorns choak ev'ry verdant Field,
 And no more Pasture to the Cattle yield;
 Tho' ev'n the Cattle dye within the Stall,
 And not by Steel, but want of Fodder fall;
 Yet in my gracious God will I rejoice,
 Who makes me his, as I make him, my Choice.
 For me, on high, he'll all his Truth display,
 And give me Wings, like Doves, to fly away,
 Upwards to him, from every mortal Woe,
 And leave the little worthless World below.

Upon



*Upon Justification by Faith,
without Good Works.*



OUR SOLIFIDIANS, modern Saints,
Fanatick Crew, base Miscreants,
Pretend to have more Priv'lege giv'n,
Than other Men, to go to Heav'n:

For THEY can swear, forswear, and lye,
Fraud, Rapin, Bloodshed, justify;
And all, mask'd under specious Show
Of new-inspir'd Religion, do.
But who'd be just, that don't believe
Good Works will a Reward receive?

On Faith alone these Saints rely,
Because that is the cheaper Way.
Good Acts, they know, must cost them Something,
But they'll be sav'd, poor Souls, for Nothing!

Thus, well may King and Priest be slain;
For if good Works are all in vain,
We justly may infer from thence,
That bad ones can be no Offence.

THEBES had more Gates than they have ho--st Men:
Ten would have SODOM sav'd: Can they show Ten?

A N



A N
H Y M N
U P O N
CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HAIL, happy Light, propitious Morn,
Whereon the God of Life was born!
Welcome, thrice welcome Day, that brings
Sweet balmy Healing in its Wings!

The God of Life, the God of Love,
Is now descended from Above,
And does his glorious Course begin,
To triumph over Death and Sin.

Let Heav'n and Earth rejoyce, and sing
Anthems to their immortal King!
To him who only will and can
Restore degenerated Man!
To him who's come by Death to save
A World from the devouring Grave!

Let

Let every Thing set forth his Praise ;
 The Sun shine out with brightest Rays :
 Planets, Fire, Air, and Earth, dispense
 Their most benign Influence !
 Th' exalted Sea swell up so high,
 Till tow'ring Waves do strike the Sky !
 Let Moon, and Stars, and fixed Earth,
 Praise the God of Nature's Birth !
 Let Herds of Oxen, Bulls, and Cows,
 The Vallies rent with chearful Lows !
 The Spheres their sweetest Musick show,
 Mountains and Hills skip to and fro !

Awake, thou Lute ; thou Harp, awake ;
 Sound every String that Sound can make !
 Let dimpled Mirth sit on each Brow,
 The World nor Grief nor Sorrow know !
 Let every Thing, in short, rehearse
 His Glory thro' the Universe !

DEO QUID MELIUS ?

CARNE QUID PEJUS ?

DEO INCARNATO QUID ADMIRABILIUS ?





A PRAYER, Translated from the Latin,

By Bishop *PATRICK*.

FATHER of Heav'n and Earth! on Earth give
 We pray thee, with one Voice, let Discord
 The Hearts of CHRISTIAN Kings vouchsafe
 Till they CHRIST's Empire thro' the World extend.
 The CHURCH, whose many Spots we now deplore,
 Well-cleans'd, to its first Purity restore.
 Shield her 'till all her faithless Foes grow tame,
 Who would not leave thee upon Earth a Name.
 Her tender Lambs, that on the Mountains stray,
 Direct, good Shepherd, to thy Fold the Way.
 Let no dire Blast her blooming Honours spoil,
 Nor Beasts obscene her crystal Springs defile.
 Preserve her Faith on its Foundation sure,
 From which let nought me ravish or allure.
 Teach me the Sense of thine own sacred Book;
 Forgive me if I err, or overlook:
 Give me a Body sound, as sound a Mind,
 Join'd in thy Praise below, in Glory to be join'd.

As



An HYMN for the Third Hour.

By the SAME.

I.

O Holy Spirit, who reside'st on High,
With Son and Father thou one Essence art;
Down on thy Dove-like Wings vouchsafe to
(fly,
And spread thy self once more on my dull Heart.

II.

So shall my Mouth, my Senses, Mind, and Strength,
With grateful Joy my humble Thanks proclaim;
My Charity shall burn, 'till it at length
Causes my Neighbour's Charity to flame.

III.

Kind Father of the Fatherless, attend,
And hear me, thou Coequal only Son!
O comfortable Spirit, now descend,
Be now and ever with me, Bless'd THREE ONE.



An H Y M N before L E N T.

By the S A M E.

I.

HALLELUJAH to our King!
That's the Song good Angels love;
Hallelujah sweetly sing
All the Souls of Saints Above:
There they sing, and, singing, stay
In God's Courts an endless Day.

II.

In Eternal Hymns of Praise,
Great JERUSALEM on high
Tunefully her Voice does raise;
All her Sons in Bliss reply:
Thus they sing, but we must weep,
Exiles, whom the Heathen keep.

III.

Ah! unworthy we, unfit!
Hallelujah should not sing;
Guilty Souls must intermit,
And no Hallelujah bring.
Now the solemn Time comes in,
To lament for every Sin.

IV.

O Bless'd **THREE ONE!** then let us pray,
 And beg thy Mercy now we may ;
 Beg that we may observe one, high,
Perpetual EASTER in the Sky,
 And to thy Praise the Song may sing
 Of **HALLELUJAH** to our King.





An HYMN for the Sixth Hour.

By the SAME.

I.

GREAT, Universal King, and GOD of Day,
Whom all Things and all Times obey;
Thou GOD of Truth, who lov'st the Light,
Make it the Morn fair and cool, and the Noon hot and
(bright.

II.

O! quench the Flames of Strife, Earth's greatest Hell,
Lest we with endless Burnings dwell.
To our frail Bodies Health impart,
And the best Health of Mind, a lasting Peace of Heart.





An HYMN for the Ninth Hour.

I.



AUTHOR and Keeper of this goodly All,
Who dost in thy great Self well-fix'd re-
Thou who the Day to run its Course dost
And make'st the Twilight to succeed again.

II.

O! let the Evening of my Life be fair,
No Sunfet of thy Favour let me see:
But if Death takes me saying this good Pray'r,
In Glory I shall ever dwell with thee.



To



To Mr. R----, upon a Tragedy on a Divine Subject.

WHEN ATHENS Statues rais'd to HOMER'S
 They thought his Works deserv'd immortal
 (Fame:
 They thought a Genius which aspir'd so high,
 Tho' damp't with Poverty, too great to die.
 Thus they condemn'd that scandalous Pretence,
 Of getting Praise by Money, not by Sense.
 Then the best Actions were the Poet's Theme;
 And Vertue, the bright Angel of his Dream,
 Heighten'd his Fancy, and improv'd his Wit,
 And bravely, as his Heroes fought, he writ.
 But we are cast into a barb'rous Age;
 The Muses are all Vice, their Fire is Rage:
 Truth's ridicul'd by Fops, and basest Crimes
 Are reckon'd the fine Breeding of the Times.
 Religion's Self they labour to deface,
 And think their ATHEISM gives a pretty Grace.
 Hence their Essays prove impotent and vile,
 Debas'd their Thoughts, and incorrect their Style:
 Products of Earth, which travel thro' the Sky,
 Glare for an Hour, and then grow dark and die.

The

The Muses never can more brightly shine,
 Than when they wear their Ornaments divine.
 Vertue in any Dress has such a Mien,
 To be admir'd she needs but to be seen.
 If Books can charm the bright celestial Host,
 They'll often read how PARADISE WAS LOST.
 Our humble Hymns, join'd with their Heav'nly Lays,
 Shall tune their Lyres to everlasting Praise.
 Raise then thy Voice, my Friend, God's Wonders tell,
 Raise now thy Voice, for thou canst sing as well.
 Fir'd with such Thoughts, pursue the noble Chace,
 And free the Muses from the foul Embrace
 Of those false Wits who nothing have but Face.
 Reduce the Stage to its first good Intent,
 And shew that Pleasure may be innocent.
 If Men of Vertue, with propitious Eyes,
 Smile on thy Work, thy Merit soon will rise,
 Shame and eclipse the foreign Rarities.
 Christianity shall then once more o'ercome,
 And triumph on the Spoils of GREECE and ROME.
 If Spite and Malice take up a Pretence
 To snarl and quarrel at thy Innocence,
 Know that Desert beneath its Load aspires,
 And Envy, when she's forc'd to burst, admires.
 But shouldst thou suffer by their wanton Taste,
 Whom Vice has cramp'd, and Nature form'd in Haste,
 Whose whole Endeavours turns to this one End,
 Errors to find, they have not Skill to mend;
 With a firm Soul stay but a little Time,
 Ev'n they'll repent, and blush, and own their Crime.



On Man's Proneness to Sin.

I.

TAKE you an Iv'ry Globe, and lay
Upon a smooth and steepy Place,
No Art avails to make it stay,
But down it rolls its hilly Race:

And while to gain the Vale it strives,
Fierce Nature like a JEHU drives.

II.

Take you the smallest Leaf which grows,
Or take a Feather, light as Air,
And when the roughest Tempest blows,
Upon your Hand expose them bare;
But grasp the little fleeting Things,
Or else the Wind will give them Wings.

III.

Take you a Pair of Oars, and try,
If you desire to venture on,
And while the Waves are working high,
How quickly down the Stream you're gone?
Ply well your Oars, or else too late
You may lament your stormy Fate.

Take

IV.

Take you a Firebrand, and apply
 To Fern or Stubble as it grows,
 And as the Sun-beams scorch and dry,
 Some quenching Water interpose:
 Else strait the catching Matter spends,
 And in a Blaze the Phantom ends.

V.

Take you a Beast or Bird of Prey,
 If either you desire to keep,
 Tame it, and teach it to obey,
 Or else away 'twill quickly slip,
 To th' open Field, or shady Grove,
 To seek its Liberty and Love.

VI.

Take you an Horse that's brisk and young,
 Descended of a gen'rous Sire,
 Be good the Bit, the Reins be strong,
 For you're to ride a Horse of Fire;
 He kicks, he proudly neighs, and cries,
 Aha! Look where the Rider lies!

VII.

How oft we see the deepest Streams
 Smoothly run down their wonted Course?
 But when they'r stopt with Stones or Beams,
 Their Way they thro' new Channels force.
 Make then their Banks and Fences high,
 They know no Law but Liberty.

VIII.

O foolish Man, these Emblems suit

You, or your too frail Flesh at least :

For you who live so like a Brute,

The rolling Globe, the ranging Beast,

The ramping Colt, the flaming Straw,

The foaming Flood which knows no Law,

IX.

Describe the Risques you run in Sin.

Your Body does your Soul betray,

Great is the Work to do within ;

Then strike into the narrow Way.

Stop this your Wildgoose Chace to Hell,

Or there with endless Groanings dwell.

X.

Thou, who with Healing in thy Wings,

Bless'd Sun of Righteousness, didst rise,

All-sov'reign Balm thy ADVENT brings,

Enough to cure the World of Vice.

Souls once baptiz'd, and clear'd from Stain,

Let not the FOUL FIEND foil again.

Upon



Upon a Deceas'd Friend.

By Mrs. OCTAVIA WALSH.

I.

WHEN in full Strength, with dire Convulsi-
ons seiz'd,
The Soul and Body with less Struggling
(part,
Than I with thee ; distracted and amaz'd,
I slighted all the boasted Help of Art.

II.

Light of my Eyes ! Sole Comfort of my Mind !
While Years on Years successively did roll,
To thee my Hopes, my Wishes were confin'd ;
Thou to my Body were't th' inspiring Soul.

III.

When absent, (as the Sun, in Clouds obscur'd,
Will scatter here and there some cheerful Rays)
Thy Influence cheer'd me ; I thy Loss endur'd,
As Winter Weather, or as rainy Days.

IV.

But when cold Death his fatal Summons gave,
 And snatch'd thee, yielding, from my longing Sight:
 My Joys, I thought, with thee had found a Grave,
 My self involv'd in everlasting Night.

V.

But now a brighter Scene comes crowding on,
 My Fears disperse, my Sorrows fleet away,
 As gathering Mites before the rising Sun,
 And shew a clear, a far more glorious Day.

VI.

I see you now, with bright Archangels, crown'd,
 Adoring him who gave to all Things Birth;
 With awful Love, with Rev'rence profound,
 You finish there what you begun on Earth.

VII.

Within the Veil you're got, and, Face to Face,
 Survey the vast ætherial Realms of Light,
 No longer gaze thro' a contracting Glass,
 Nor walk by Faith, but glut your ravish'd Sight.

VIII.

Now towards the Shore of long Eternity
 Sometimes, methinks, my Friend directs his Pace,
 And kindly asks of Fate concerning me,
 Where in her Book my Period finds a Place.

IX.

O happy Season ! when we there shall meet,
 (I landed safe from Life's tempestuous Main)
 With joyful Hearts and kind Embraces greet,
 Renew old Friendship, ne'er to part again !

X.

Then will't thou lead me to th' eternal King,
 Whose glorious Presence makes all Pleasures flow,
 And there I'll worship that perpetual Spring,
 Whose Streams appear'd so bright in THEE below.



Con-



Contempt of the World.

By the S A M E.

I.

FOND, flatt'ring World! thou ne'er shalt
A Conquest o'er me more, (boast
Since what in thy Pursuit I lost,
This Cottage will restore.

II.

Following those Joys which Folly bring,
And thy alluring Charms,
I from the Viper drew his String,
And hugg'd him in my Arms.

III.

My Reason long in Chains was led,
Like an imprison'd Slave,
Or as a Wretch that long was dead,
No Liberty could have.

Without

IV.

Without my Reason I enjoy'd
All thy weak Pow'r could bring,
Which shew'd thy own was not destroy'd,
But knew the uselefs Thing.

V.

For with those Slaves that follow thee,
And thy Enjoyments charm,
Strong Reason never can agree,
But all thy Force disarm.

VI.

Kind Solitude brought in its Power,
And shew'd thy gilded Bait ;
I like a Wretch got safe ashore ;
See, what Misfortunes wait.

VII.

Upon the Sea when once I sail'd,
And, as I thought, from Harm,
My captive Reason ne'er bewail'd,
Nor saw the coming Storm.

VIII.

But now, within this little Creek,
Where I at Anchor ride,
I view the Rocks which others break,
And scorn the Wind and Tide.

Resolving

IX.

Resolving that I'll never trust
 The treach'rous Ocean more,
 But here will mix my humble Dust,
 With thine, O happy Shore!



VIII

But now, within this little Circle,
 Where I at Anchor ride,
 Now the like which others break,
 And from the Wind and Tide.



S

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 Sin

ON



ON
SOLITUDE.

By the SAME.

I.

WELCOME, ye Sylvan Shades and crystal
(Springs,
Where Innocence and harmless Pleasures
(rest,
Welcome to me, as Victory to Kings,
Or Life and Liberty to Slaves oppress.

II.

In this Retreat permit me now to seek
For my own self, from whom I long have stray'd;
For 'tis almost, ye Pow'rs, a tedious Week,
Since here we parted in this sacred Shade.

P

I to

III.

I to the noisy Town have been confin'd,
 Whence Innocence all sweet Contentment flies,
 Where most, though to their greatest Follies blind,
 Yet shun themselves as much as if they'd Eyes.

IV.

Buify Designs, and how to gain their End,
 Take up the thinking Portion of their Time;
 So they the Promontory can ascend,
 They never matter by what Steps they climb.

V.

He that's in Love with Gold, seeks how to drain
 His Neighbour's Bags, and fill his own with Pelf;
 A second, as ridiculously vain,
 Tramples on others to exalt himself.

VI.

Those Fame attracts are often press'd with Fear,
 Least others Worth their Tinsel should outshine,
 'Tis Policy their Credit to impair,
 That their own Dross may pass for current Coin.

VII.

Ah! miserable Fate of humane Kind!
 How much depriv'd, how fall'n from that high State
 Which gracious Heav'n for them at first design'd,
 'Till the curs'd Apple did our Woe create?

VIII.

Society, the greatest Bliss of Life,
Is now to Man become the greatest Ill ;
By it at first we purchase endless Strife,
And find our Misery increasing still.

IX.

Had our first Parents Company ne'er sought,
But, blest'd in one another, liv'd alone,
The Serpent had not our Confusion wrought,
Nor EVE's Curiosity her Race undone.





DIVINE LOVE.

By the SAME.

I.

Return, my Soul. Ah! take a noble Flight,
Reverse not what by Nature would ascend,
Nor draw the tender Twig, which grows up-
(right,
To an unseemly and distorted Bend.

II.

As the bright Flame, when upward it aspires,
Gives chearful Light and kindly Heat to all;
But when aside it slants, devouring Fires,
In scorching Ruins, round its Center fall.

III.

So Love's the noblest Passion of the Mind,
The Source of Glory, Happiness, and Fame,
When upwards sent ; but when aside inclin'd,
It proves a scorching and ignoble Flame.

It

IV.

It burns up Reason, and the noble Pow'rs,
Makes Vice and Virtue, Right and Wrong, the same;
The inward Peace with raging Flame devours,
And Things can only different make in Name.

V.

So the vain Prophets with unhallow'd Fire,
Did the Pure Shrine of ISRAEL's God profane,
Whose Anger made them in the Flames expire,
A Sacrifice to his polluted FANE.



UPON



UPON
D E A T H.

By the S A M E.

DEATH, thou Comforter of Minds distress'd,
Thou joyful Port and Harbour of the Bless'd!
Thou kindest Friend, or most ill-natur'd Foe,
That wretched Mortals here can undergo?

How dismal does thy Face to those appear,
Who misemploy their precious Talents here?
Often they wish, but wish, alas! in vain,
That flying Time were in their Pow'r again:
But unconcern'd and deaf to all their Cry,
DEATH gives Despair, instead of a Reply.
But to the Good thou bring'st eternal Joy,
Treasures of Bliss, without the least Alloy:
With what glad Eyes they look thee in the Face!
Nothing's so welcome as thy cold Embrace:

After

(III)

After a Life of various Sorrows pass'd,
For Peace into thy Arms they rush at last:
By this we see thou were't at first design'd
A sov'reign Med'cine to restore Mankind,
'Till by Corruption they would Evil know,
And make their best of Friends their greatest Foe.
Vain Mortal! do not then of DEATH complain,
And him accuse as Author of your Pain;
Since 'tis your SELF which gives to DEATH his Sting,
And your own Sins your own Confusion bring.



The



The Goodness of Providence.

By the SAME.

I.



Let our Praise ascend the Skies,
From Heav'n and Earth its Accents rise
In Glory, to Heav'n's mighty King:
O! let our Praise his Courts ascend,
The vaulted Skies in sunder rend,
And fall before that never-ceasing Spring.

II.

That Pow'r which BEING did bestow
On Heav'n above and Earth below,
And what the Ocean hides;
Which fix'd the Stars, in yielding Air,
And told the raging Sea, how far
It might advance its Tides.

Whose

III.

Whose Word alone Mankind did frame,
Whose Word alone destroys the same,
And turns again to Clay;
Whose Word disjoins the trembling Earth,
And gives Mankind a second Birth,
To endless Night or Day.

IV.

In me his Glory he display'd,
The Creature which his Hand has made;
Yet pleas'd his Might to show;
In making me fierce Terrors taste,
In earthly Happiness first plac'd,
To make my Fall more low.

V.

When sunk in Anguish and Despair,
He shew'd a tender Father's Care,
Who does wild Sons correct;
And tho' sometimes he hides his Face,
Denies his never-failing Grace,
He will me not reject.

VI.

He shew'd me plain when Life he lent,
It was not to be idly spent
In sublunary Joy;
But that tow'rd's Heaven I bend my Mind,
And there eternal Pleasures find,
Which know of no Alloy.

Q

What

VII.

What Lover us'd such gentle Art,
 In gaining of an equal Heart,
 As this great King for mine?
 His Rival first he did remove,
 Then to revive my deaden'd Love,
 He try'd by Ways divine.

VIII.

O sacred LORD, tho' Earth denies
 To my poor Life its due Supplies,
 And Heav'n in Anger lours;
 Though o'er my Head its Thunders break,
 The Ground convulsive Terrors shake,
 And raining Flame devours;

IX.

Though Mountains to high Heav'n aspire
 In furious Streams of liquid Fire,
 And Hell displays its Woes;
 Though the wide Ocean feels its Pow'rs,
 And raging Flame its Waves devours,
 And all its Depths disclose;

X.

Yet, in thy Mercy still secure,
 These Storms with Patience I'll endure,
 And with their Fury cope;
 Their dreadful Force may move my Fear,
 But ne'er shall make me once despair,
 Or lose in thee my Hope.

One

XL

One Look of thine shall strait dispel,
Chain up the Furies that rebel,
And so the Blessed save ;
Or else thou canst their Souls remove
To thine eternal Realms above,
To triumph o'er the Grave.



Q 2

THE



THE
Forty second Psalm.

By the SAME.

I.

S Corch'd up with Heat, and tir'd with eager
(Chace,
The weary Hart to some close Covert flies,
Destroy'd with Thirst, yet dares not quit the
(Place,
Tho' for the cool refreshing Streams he dies.

II.

So longs my Soul for that all-pleasing Sight,
When, this frail Cafe dissolv'd, I leave the Shrine,
And then, invested with eternal Light,
In my great Maker's glorious Prefence shine.

III.

A Thirst for God is my desiring Soul,
As the parch'd Earth, to drink the kindly Show'r;
For Him who was e'er Time began to roll,
And will be, when all Nature is no more.

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IV.

Ah! when shall I into his Presence come?
When in his Holy Sanctu'ry appear?
When this mean World no more shall be my Home,
But Angels guard me thro' the yielding Air.

V.

While, here confin'd, black Cares my Soul oppress,
By Day my Tears my anxious Food have been;
A sad Repast is furnish'd by Distress,
And Night still represents the mournful Scene.

VI.

Sight of my Woes makes ATHEISTS bold enquire,
Where's now the God who do's thy Cause maintain?
Their wild Demands so raise my angry Fire,
That I no longer can my self contain.

VII.

Till musing on the dark Decrees of Fate,
In some thick Shade, remov'd from human View,
My Heart with Sighs, with Tears my Eyes relate
The various Crosses which my Life pursue.

VIII.

Till Thought my scatter'd Reason's Aid regains,
And bids me tell the bold unthinking Crowd,
If you would see what Friend my Cause maintains,
Repair with me into the House of God:

There

IX.

There will you find, that one who Judgment feels;
May not be always th' Object of his Hate ;
In Stripes sometimes his Mercy he reveals,
His Anger oft in high exalted State.

X.

But why, oh ! why so heavy, O my Soul ?
Why art thou thus with Iron Grief oppress'd ?
Despair and Darkness all thy Pow'rs controll,
And dismal Thoughts devour thy balmy Rest.

XI.

O ! think on him whose Might unbounded lies,
Whose Mercy, like the Deep, no Limit knows,
Whose sacred Arm thy sure Protection is ;
Thy God Omnipotent asserts thy Cause.



DAVID'S



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On



DAVID's *Lamentation* for
Saul *and* Jonathan.

II SAMUEL i. 19.

Alter'd from Mr. SANDRS.

 ISRAEL, thy only Beauty's fled,
Held in the lasting Prisons of the Dead :
How are the MIGHTY fall'n! The Heaps of
(Slain
Pollute the Mountains, and their Verdure stain.
The shining Vallies wear a Crimson Face,
And clotted Gore obscures the springing Grass.
O let it not in Heathen GATH be known!
Nor tell it in uncircumcis'd ASKALON;
Lest the sad Story of our Loss excite
An impious Joy, and cause a dire Delight;
Lest, full of Pride, their spiteful Pleasures flow,
Exulting on the Torrent of our Woe;
Lest their curs'd Daughters should their Cymbals ring,
In scornful Triumph, o'er a slaughter'd King.
O! never any grateful Off'rings pay
On the detested Hills of GILBOA;

Nor

Nor let the Morning Dews, nor fruitful Show'rs,
 Refresh their Tops, nor cloath their Skirts with Flow'rs.
 The MIGHTY there, successless, lost the Day,
 Their Shields were broke, and vilely cast away:
 SAUL and his Arms were made a welcome Spoil,
 As if not sanctify'd with sacred Oil.

Intented Fields were many Battles won
 By the unerring Bow of JONATHAN:
 His Arrows on the Fat of Slaughter fed,
 And still return'd with Scarlet Conquest red.
 SAUL never rais'd his royal Arm in vain,
 But still his Sword was glutted with the Slain.
 How lovely, O, how pleasant were their Lives!
 Happy that neither to this Loss survives!
 Those whom a living Love so firmly ty'd,
 The fiercest Stroke of Death could not divide.

Not tow'ring Eagles were so swift as they,
 Nor Lions half so strong, when at the Dawn of Day
 They put on all their Might, and grumble o'er their
 (Prey.)

Ye ISRAELITISH Daughters, weep for SAUL,
 In Floods of Tears lament the MIGHTY's Fall:
 Weep ye for SAUL, who crown'd your Days with Peace,
 And blest'd you with the best of Earth's Encrease:
 He put you Robes of TYRIAN Purple on,
 Pond'rous with Gems which glitter'd like the Sun:
 He solac'd you with ev'ry new Delight,
 And made your Beauty's Charms outshine the Light.
 How, ISRAEL, are thy valiant Men devour'd
 By the remorseless Fury of the Sword?

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O hapless JONATHAN! the better Part
 Of this divided, bleeding, broken Heart,
 The savage Rocks have drunk thy sacred Blood,
 My Brother! O how kind wer't thou, how good!
 I am distress'd, my Nature's all at Strife,
 And sinks beneath th' unweildy Load of Life.
 The Sight of Thee was Rapture to my Soul,
 My Brother! O! my Happiness, my All!
 Such wond'rous Love was never known before,
 No Man for Man such matchless Kindness bore.
 No Woman, fir'd with all the Charms of Love,
 Could half so faithful or so constant prove.
 But, oh! this mighty Lover's fall'n in Fight,
 And all his Glories set in endless Night.





HUMANE LIFE.

Corrected from an old Copy of the Lord BACON.

THE World's a Bubble, and the Life of Man
 Less than the Compass of the shortest Span;
 When first conceiv'd, he's wretched in the
 (Womb,
 And curs'd e'en from the Cradle to the Tomb.
 As he advances, and grows ripe in Years,
 He sinks beneath the Weight of Hopes and Fears.
 Who then to frail Mortality would trust,
 Draw Lines in Water, and write Wit in Dust?
 Yet whilst with Sorrow here we live oppress'd,
 We'll see what Life bids fairest to be best.

Courts are but formal, superficial Schools,
 To ripen Blockheads, and to dandle Fools:
 The rural Part is but a larger Den,
 Where Brutes trisk wanton in the Shapes of Men.
 And where's a City from all Vice so free,
 But may be term'd the worst of all the Three.
 Domestick Strife afflicts the Husband's Bed,
 Or Antlers bud so hard they pain his Head:

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Some call a Single Life a cruel Curse,
 And then they're forc'd to marry or do worse.
 They that are barren think themselves undone,
 They that have Children wish they could have none.
 What is't to have or be without a Wife,
 But single Thralldom or a double Strife.
 Our own Affections still at Home to please,
 Is the worst Symptom of a bad Disease :
 To brave a Storm, to gain a foreign Soil,
 Is hardy Courage and a fruitless Toil:
 The noisy Wars affright us, when they cease,
 We but grow lazy, and are dull in Peace.
 What then remains, but that we all should cry,
 Not to be born, or when we're born, to dye.





T H E

Banquet of the Sacrament.

Alter'd from Mr. HERBERT,



Welcome, sweet, and sacred Cheer,
 The Banquet of my SAVIOUR dear!
 O! with me, in me, ever dwell!
 Thy Charms pass Tongue to taste or tell!
 Thy Neatness entertains my Sight
 With Admiration and Delight!
 The Spicy Flavour of the Bowl,
 Enflames, transports, fills all my Soul.
 Has some bright Star forsook its Sphere,
 And dropt celestial Jelly here?
 Like Sugar melted into Wine:
 O! 'tis all Rapture, 'tis divine!
 Or has the Sweetness of the Bread
 Rally'd it self into an Head,
 To conquer the vile Smell of Sin,
 Lest that curs'd Enemy should win?
 O! neither Spices, Stars, nor Flow'rs,
 Could ever shed such balmy Pow'rs:

Nothing

Nothing but God, who Flesh assumes,
Can comfort Hearts, and give Perfumes.

As Pomander, and fragrant Wood,
Retain their Odours always good;
But, after bruizing, sweetly vent
A nobler, more enliv'ning Scent.
So the Great God, who rules Above,
Was broken to display his Love.
For when I had forgot my Birth,
The humble Product of the Earth;
My self in worldly Joys had drown'd,
And here lay grov'ling on the Ground:
Then God took Flesh, and needs would be
Wounded, and kill'd, to raise up me.
Rais'd, he commands me to look up,
And meet him sweetly in a Cup.
But me, in Stature very short,
Unbred, and distant from the Court,
The Wine inspir'd, and did convey
My ravish'd Soul on Wings away.
By Help of that alone I fly
Up to the Palace of the Sky.
O! there I find for what I sue!
O! there my dearest LORD I view!
He wipes my Eyes, and lets me see
The Wounds which bled so much for me.

This

This wondrous Pity will I choose
 For the dear Theme of ev'ry Muse:
 This shall assuage the Pains of Death;
 This shall employ my Hands and Breath.
 My Hands and Breath, my Verse and Life,
 Shall strive in this, and love the Strife.



On



On the Passion of St. Agnes.

From *PRUDENTIUS*, by Bishop *PATRICK*.

I.

WHEN from the Body's heavy Chains below
A godlike Soul escapes, and mounts the
(Sky,
The Guardian Angels gladly with her go,
A shining Track, a milky Way they fly.

II.

Then she looks down, and, wond'ring, views the Place,
Where Earth's dark Globe so far beneath her lies ;
Whate'er the Sun gilds in his winding Race,
Whate'er embroils us here, she dares despise.

III.

The dismal Hurricane of humane Life ;
Around by Time and Chance Things blindly hurl'd ;
Great Kings with High and Mighty States at Strife,
Swell'd with the Pomp of a ridiculous World ;

How

IV.

How Man for Gold, as for his Heav'n contends ;
How to true Hell for that false Heav'n he goes ;
Who Gold on stately Buildings madly spends,
Or on gay Furniture as vain as those.

V.

She sees how Man by Passions is unmann'd,
His Rage, Fears, Longings, join'd with dangerous Toil,
Much Grief, short Joy, black Envy's smoaking Brand,
His fairest Hopes, and brightest Honours soil.

VI.

But worst of all our Ills beneath the Sun,
She sees the CHURCH with Heathen Christians fill'd :
Lord ! with true Christian Souls bring mine for one,
Thro' these black Clouds, to CHRIST, my Sun and
(Shield.





THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Prophet *JONAH*.

From the Learned *GROTIUS*.

IMperial NINEVEH survey'd with Pride
The neighb'ring Nations, conquer'd or defy'd,
Fortune had scatter'd o'er her spacious Land
A Wane of Plenty with a lavish Hand.
But curs'd with Glory, and undone with State,
Ignoble were her Sons, and vilely great.
In so much Splendor ne'er did Vice appear;
Vice reign'd in Pomp, and rode in Triumph here.
Still as their Wealth encreas'd, they sunk in Ease,
As Surfeits ever nourish a Disease.

'Till God began his Anger to engage ;
 God is but slowly kindled into Rage !
 The trembling Air with Peals of Thunder shook,
 When Great JEHOVAH thus his Seer bespoke.

JONAH, (inspir'd with a capacious Mind,
 To know the Depths of Fate with Vengeance join'd,
 And Tongue prophetick to declare the Doom
 Of Nations undestroy'd, and Woes to come)
 Where TIGRIS' rapid Streams their Tribute bring,
 Speed now thy Way, search out th' ASSYRIAN King,
 And make his haughty Court with sacred Clamour }
 (ring.
 Thro' the whole City let my Terrors fly,
 To rouse them from their sinful Lethargy ;
 Their Boldness has not spar'd my Holy Land,
 They dare my Wrath, and Punishment demand :
 Audacious Crimes in such vast Heaps arise,
 As fill the Earth, and mount the very Skies.
 This is my Will, and this, my Seer, relate ;
 Yet be not rash, exhort as well as threat,
 And, lo ! my Judgments on thy slighted Errand wait. }

But he, vain Wretch ! believing he could fly
 The boundless Ken of an all-seeing Eye,
 Made an Attempt to seek another Land,
 To shun his God, and his refus'd Command.
 Wayward he hopes the craggy Shores to gain,
 Where TAURUS' lofty Cliffs o'erlook the Main.
 There lies in th' utmost Coast, of ancient Fame,
 A JEWISH Port, and JOPPA is its Name.

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Here were the Fetters of the beauteous *Maid,
 And here appear'd brave PERSEUS to her Aid:
 Hither the gloomy Prophet took his Way,
 And found a Vessel leaving then the Bay,
 For CYDNUS bound; then shipp'd himself in her,
 And mixing with the Crew, turn'd Mariner;
 Slighting the Care of his propitious God,
 To trust for Help on feeble, faithless Wood.

At first the Ship was bless'd with prosp'rous Gales,
 Soft blew the Wind, and gently swell'd the Sails:
 The Surface smoothly flow'd on either Side,
 And wanton Dolphins play'd upon the Tide.
 The wish'd for TARSUS just appear'd before,
 The lower'd Yards had almost touch'd the Shore,
 Down were the Anchors dropt, and 'twas essay'd to
 (moor.)
 When, lo! a fatal Storm began to rise,
 The Billows rag'd, and vaulted to the Skies!
 Thick, horrid Darknes thro' the Welkin rode,
 Arm'd with the Vengeance of an angry God.
 Thunder proclaim'd the Wrath divine aloud,
 New Rivers ran in Streams from ev'ry Cloud;
 No starry Spark with glimm'ring Lustre shone,
 But Seas and Clouds were mingled all in one.
 Nothing but Flashes of sulphureous Light, (Night.
 Which snatch'd the Gloom, and made more dreadful
 All Nature wore Confusion in her Face,
 And griev'd, as jostled to a lower Place.
 On JONAH's Ship this mighty Tempest bore,
 Broke all the Cables, all the Canvas tore,

* And romeda.

Shiver'd the Masts, not able to engage
 Such fierce Attacks of Elemental Rage.
 The cloven Keel let in the rushing Waves,
 Prefage too certain of approaching Graves.
 A ghastly Paleness in each Face appears:
 Grim Death, so nigh, increases still their Fears,
 The brutish Crew, ne'er taught the righteous Way,
 Who from their Infancy had gone astray,
 By Parents warp'd to superstitious Modes,
 Send up their sev'ral Vows to sev'ral Gods.
 Worship profane! a Piety in Shew!
 To serve false Gods, when they should serve the true,
 Their Medly-Oraisons quite fill'd the Air,
 Address'd in vain to those who cannot hear:
 In vain of Stocks and Stones they beg Relief,
 Gods form'd by Men, who could not know their Grief.
 Some to their Country-Kings Devotion paid,
 Rais'd into Stars, yet impotent of Aid.
 Some, with lost Vows, a thousand Gods implor'd,
 Some all the Host of Heav'n and Earth ador'd;
 Others invok'd all JASON's Family,
 GORGONS, and Beasts, feign'd People of the Sky,
 And all that throng the Pagan BREVARY. }
 The Master, with amazing Grief possess'd,
 Pour'd out with Sighs and Tears his vain Request,
 That safe the Ship the TARSIAN Coast might reach,
 And land the Crew and Lading on the Beach;
 In vain! their Hopes were with their Wealth accurst,
 That Wealth they sought to quench their eager Thirst;

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The Love of which first free'd their Souls from Fear,
 And promis'd future Ease for present Care;
 The precious Load, which made them brave the Sea,
 Endure all Ills, and taught their Tongues to pray,
 Must now be thrown into the boist'rous Deep,
 Lest it should aid the Winds, and sink the Ship.

Mean while, the fatal Cause of all their Woe,
 Amidst the Storm, securely slept below:
 Whether his Senses fail'd thro' conscious Fear,
 And found in Sleep an Interval of Care;
 'Twas not such Sleep as gives the Body Ease,
 But a slow, torpid Dozing, to appease
 His troubled Mind, as Fogs becalm the Seas. }
 Or whether God himself this Numbness wrought,
 Casting a dark Oblivion o'er his Thought:
 Th' Effect was plain; these Tumults of the Deep
 Rous'd not his Soul, nor broke his stupid Sleep.
 Th' astonish'd Master could no longer bear
 To see him sleep when Danger was so near;
 When others were employ'd with utmost Strife
 To 'scape th' impending Hazards of their Life,
 But came, and with a louder Call awoke
 The holy Sluggard, and, enrag'd, thus spoke.

" What mean you, Sleeper? If you own a God,
 " Beseech his Succour; tremble at his Rod!
 " In vain a God from Parents is receiv'd,
 " Unless you worship whom you have believ'd.
 " Implore his Pardon then, your God may be
 " Sooner than others touch'd with Misery,
 " And

“ And, more to Mercy prone, may raise his Arm,
 “ To stop our Fate, and save us from the Storm.

The Sailors thought that some devoted Head
 A loud Complaint for speedy Vengeance made,
 And on Debate with joint Consent decree
 That one should suffer all the rest to free.
 An Urn they then prepare in solemn State,
 Whereout to draw the dire Event of Fate.
 To seek by Lot they one by one comply,
 Heartless and pale, whom Heav'n had doom'd to die,
 To shake the Urn with trembling Hands advance,
 Dying with Fear lest Death should be their Chance,
 Free from the Rule of a determin'd Law,
 Equal they thought the Hap to all that draw.
 Not so; for 'twas the Living God's Decree,
 JONAH should draw the Lot of Destiny.
 The fatal Priest, full of his Woes to come,
 Became a Prophet in the Prophet's Doom.
 Trembling, the Wretch drew out the bloody Lot;
 The Chance was fix'd on him, and they their Freedom
 (got.
 The Crew surrounding, now amaz'd, demand
 His Name, his Family, his native Land;
 Why from his Country and his Friends he fled,
 What was his Bus'ness, and what Life had led:
 From what great Crimes the Provocation rose,
 Which made the Gods, and all their Storms, his Foes;
 The Seer reply'd: “ I came of HEBREW Race,
 “ JONAH my Name, now mention'd with Disgrace.

“ Once

“ Once I was well employ’d to serve my God,
“ On SION’s holy Hill, but scorn’d his Rod.
“ Fool that I was, I fled his just Command,
“ And now he comes with Vengeance in his Hand.
“ For whither could I fly, but he’d pursue,
“ He who surveys all Nature at a View?
“ The most retir’d Recesses of the Skies
“ Are open all to his discerning Eyes.
“ Those starry Orbs by him direct their Course,
“ Their Light supply’d from his ne’er-failing Source.
“ These rolling Seas, and that stupendous Earth,
“ From him, their great Creator, boast their Birth:
“ When all was Horror, all eternal Night,
“ His Word the Jarr of Nature set aright,
“ His forming Word but spoke, and bless’d the
 (World with Light.)

The Sailors now stood trembling and amaz’d,
And, sadly silent, on each other gaz’d;
A Death-like Cold froze up their inward Parts,
Thrill’d in their Veins, and shiver’d in their Hearts.
What Speech was left they to the SEER address,
That he his Faults would to his GOD confess,
And next, in Pity to themselves, debate
By what Expedient they might shun their Fate.
He nothing pleads, but calm and dauntless says,
“ Tis I who must the raging Winds appease,
“ And fall a Sacrifice to these tumultuous Seas.
“ Vengeance divine will thro’ the Main pursue
“ My guilty Head, but not endanger you.

“ For

- " For take me up, and plunge me in the Deep;
 " And all your Cares, and all the Storms shall sleep;
 " My Death shall save your Lives, shall save the
 (sinking Ship.)
 " What I deserve I cannot grudge to bear;
 " I'll kiss the Rod, and yield, but not despair.

The Sailors, loth, contend with all their Pow'rs,
 Buffet the Waves, and ply their greedy Prores,
 The Prophet to preserve, and reach the TARSIAN
 (Shores.)
 But all in vain, the Sails, when spread on high,
 The Winds oppose, the Banks their Anchors fly;
 To meet their Force the crowding Billows press,
 All Hopes forbidding of desir'd Success;
 At length they ceas'd t'employ a fruitless Care,
 And with one Voice put up this pious Pray'r.

- " O justest God! we but with thee comply,
 " In drowning one whom thou had'st doom'd to dye:
 " Spare to require of us his fated Breath,
 " Nor be severe to punish Death with Death.
 " No Ill from us we own him to deserve,
 " Nor with the Hunger of his Riches starve.
 " No secret Quarrel, no revengeful Strife,
 " Spurs us to take the Forfeit of his Life.
 " Thy sov'reign Will compells us to obey,
 " And we but follow where thou'd'st led the Way.
 " Thou him demand'st we cannot choose but give,
 " For all must dye when thou forbid'st to live.
 " Thy Suppliants then from guiltless Blood acquit,
 " Nor punish what we with Remorse commit.
- " And

And now they hoist on high the destin'd Prey,
 And plunge him headlong in the raging Sea :
 Soon as he fell, fled all the Winds away,
 The Heav'n clear'd up, and reinthron'd the Day.
 No more the Deep with foaming Billows swells,
 But smiles serene beneath th' ETESIAN Gales,
 Which smoothe its wavy Breast, and fill the peaceful
 (Sails.)
 Struck with the Wonder of so strange a Thing,
 The Sailors Gifts and Sacrifices bring,
 To load the sacred Fane of JUDAH's mighty King.
 The horrid Rites of their false Gods abjure,
 And with firm Vows th' ETERNAL ONE adore.

Just then a Whale, of most portentous Size,
 Came rolling by ; the tow'ring Billows rise
 Before his ploughing Breast, and, mounting, wash the
 (Skies.)
 For God had sped the Monster from his Cell,
 Ready to catch the Prophet as he fell :
 Rais'd high above the Waves, his Jaws receive
 The Cast-away, and swallow him alive.
 Strange to relate ! all hurtless he remains,
 A new Possessor of the watry Plains :
 Clos'd in the Monster's Maw, he breathes the Air ;
 For GOD's all-saving Hand defends him there.
 LEVIATHAN moves, he feels the Waves obey,
 And beaten back depart to give him Way :
 When he desists, his rolling Motion laid,
 The weighty Deep's incumbent on his Head.

Who can believe a Living Soul could stay,
 Thus held a Captive, and o'erwhelm'd with Sea?
 But yet it stay'd, tho' in so dire a Place,
 Till Heav'n's bright Lamp had thrice renew'd his Race.

CHAP. II.

THIS now's his Ship, his Prison, his Abode,
 And this the Temple where he serves his God.
 From hence his pious Thoughts ascend the Skies
 In these pathetick Pray'rs and holy Cries:

" Tho' God, incens'd, has justly cast away,
 " And giv'n me to the stormy Main a Prey:
 " Tho' a fell Monster grasps me in his Womb,
 " Bury'd alive in this tremendous Tomb:
 " Tho' Nature sinks, despairing of Relief,
 " And but prolongs my wretched Life with Grief:
 " Yet shall my Pray'rs, o'er Clouds and Stars convey'd,
 " Bring down my gracious SAVIOUR to my Aid.
 " Pray'rs in Distress are never made in vain,
 " For God will hear, and bless when I complain.
 " Great Judge, I stood convicted in thy Sight,
 " And thou hast plung'd me in this Gulph of Night,
 " Where all thy Billows press me to the Ground,
 " Or, dash'd on Rocks, I back again rebound,
 " Or else am whirl'd in endless Eddies round.

" From

" From every Shore the Streams encrease the Weight,
 " And aggravate with endless Floods my Fate.
 " My Sins deserv'd this horrid noisom Place,
 " Banish'd from Light, and thine all-cheering Face.
 " Howe'er this Hope's still left, to sooth my Woe,
 " That I shall yet into thy Temple go.
 " The happy Time will come for my Release,
 " To bless my God with Offerings of Peace.
 " But see — resistless Waves still proudly roll,
 " And rush about me, to devour my Soul;
 " A thousand Weeds their filthy Fetters spread,
 " And hold me captive in their oozy Bed.
 " Vast Shoals of Sand my weary Body load,
 " And fix beneath their Hills my dark Abode.
 " See! ev'ry Cliff its craggy Head uprears,
 " And seeks to chain me with eternal Bars:
 " Earth and each Rock more high and pondrous grow,
 " To stop my Rise, and make me sink more low.
 " But yet, O God! in thee my Hope shall dwell,
 " That thou wilt free me from these Jaws of Hell.
 " O! guide my Passage thro' this dreadful Night,
 " Pardon my Sins, and give me to the Light.
 " Tho' my Soul faints beneath th' unequal Strife,
 " And, gasping, hovers at the Door of Life.
 " I'll ne'er despair — for God my Help will be;
 " 'Tis present Help, O God, to think of thee!
 " My ardent Pray'rs like smoaking Incense rise,
 " In humble Boldness, and besiege the Skies.
 " My gracious God inclines a list'ning Ear,
 " And freely grants what he vouchsafes to hear.

- " Hence, ye fond Zealots, who this God despise,
 " And place your Trust in lying Vanities.
 " To Pow'rs advanc'd by superstitious Fears,
 " You only spend your Breath in fruitless Pray'rs.
 " When God will succour, 'tis profanely mad
 " To bribe with Vows a Puppet-Idol's Aid.
 " None can expect the mighty King's Reward,
 " Who treat his Favours with such Disregard :
 " None can presume his gracious Smiles to have,
 " Who slight the Monarch, to adore his Slave.
 " O! may I always that great God adore,
 " And on his Altars all my Off rings pour.
 " That loving Father, who so kindly grants
 " Speedy Relief to all his Creatures Wants.
 " O! may I always praise his holy Name,
 " Who was, is now, and will be still the same.

The Pray'r thus ended, restless thro' the Sea
 The Monster roam'd, as weary of his Prey ;
 Now flound'ring high, he more outrageous grew,
 The Billows foam'd, the Storm began anew ;
 The Rocks resounded to his hideous Roar,
 And briny Waves o'ertopp'd the highest Shore.
 The Beast, by God's omnipotent Command,
 His Course directed to the distant Land ;
 Forc'd, by resistless Pow'r, from Nature's Laws,
 At utmost Stretch t'expand his horrid Jaws,
 And from his hollow Paunch, with eager Haste,
 Th' imprison'd Prophet safe on Land to cast.

C H A P. III.

THE Eternal Father thus the Prophet shew'd,
 That now Obedience would be Gratitude;
 So try'd him once again, and thus his Charge renew'd. }

“ Go, haste to NINEVEH, proclaim their Fate;
 “ Their Ruin's certain, tho' it comes so late.

Soon as the SEER the sacred Mandate hears,
 For his immediate Journey he prepares;
 Full of Obedience, to his Bus'ness falls,
 And quickly gains the Mighty CITY's Walls.
 A Place so spacious could not well be pass'd,
 'Till thrice the Sun had reach'd the distant West!

Here he begins to measure so much Way,
 As could with easy Speed be gone that Day:
 Yet two Parts were unpass'd, tho' with the Light
 He first set out, and travel'd on 'till Night.
 As he proceeds, he ev'ry where declares
 This woful News in their astonish'd Ears:

“ E'er forty Days their stated Course have run,
 “ You and your NINEVEH shall be o'erthrown.

Th' Inhabitants with trembling Hearts receive
 The fatal Tidings, which they true believe.

With

With sharpest Censures they reform their Crimes,
And grieve for the Corruptions of the Times :

In solemn Fasting all at once engage,

Without Distinction, or of Sex, or Age.

The Court no more in gorgeous Garments shines,

But hairy Sackcloth chafes their tender Loins.

The King himself, (on whom his Thousands wait,

Forming a glorious Guard, an awful State,

While conqu'ring Arms remotest Nations own,

Yielding a ready Tribute to his Crown)

Soon as the dreadful Message strikes his Ear,

Forfakes his Father's Throne, and stoops to Fear.

The mighty Monarch, who so late possess'd

All the rich Spoils of the luxuriant East,

Had Kings his Slaves, whose Word alone was Awe,

Govern'd vast States, and kept the World in Law,

Now throws his Pomp, neglected, all away,

Preferring humble Weeds, and coarse Array :

In open Air he makes the Ground his Bed,

Mourning with Dust and Ashes on his Head.

That these good Acts the better might succeed,

His Lords to Council call'd, 'twas soon decreed,

That all his Realms should keep a Gen'ral Fast,

By Edict this subjoin'd to Man and Beast.

“ Let Man and Beast, stript of their Glory, go

“ In Mourning all, to testify our Woe.

“ The warlike Horse, that paws the dusty Field,

“ And well deserves what all our Care can yield ;

“ The bleating Sheep, that fill the verdant Plains,

“ Whose golden Fleeces recompense our Pains,

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- " Shall almost faint away for Want of Food ;
 " No Goat shall crop the Browzing of the Wood,
 " No Beast the Meadows graze, or drink the running
 (Flood.)
 " Let Man and Beast, cloath'd in the same Array,
 " With Grief begin, with Grief conclude the Day.
 " Let Men their God address with such loud Cries,
 " As may not fail to reach him thro' the Skies.
 " Condemn each Error of their former Life,
 " Cease from Oppression, leave off envious Strife ;
 " Soft Peace restore, let go the sinful Bands,
 " From Lust your Bodies clean, from Blood your Hands.
 " In whatsoe'er they find they've gone astray,
 " Repent, and turn into the righteous Way.
 " Who knows but Pray'rs may reach the Mercy-Seat,
 " Avert those Ills which God's just Judgments threat,
 " Appease his kindled Rage, and snatch us from our
 (Fate.)
 " Th' Event may crown our Hopes with bless'd Success,
 " And God prolong his Creatures Happiness.

Penance prevail'd ; for all, with one Consent,
 Dismiss'd their Sins, and God their Punishment :
 He graciously look'd down, and saw their Tears,
 From Sorrow flowing for their former Years.
 He saw their Souls with Sins dire Fetters bleed,
 Sunk with the Load, and longing to be free'd :
 He bade the muster'd Terrors all disband ;
 They fled, as he withdrew his stretch'd-out Hand

C H A P. IV.

THE Seer displeas'd hereat, his moody Mind
 With inward Grief and fest'ring Envy pine'd;
 Whether he wish'd to see the City lie
 In Ruins, due to its Impiety:
 Or whether, since good Heav'n the Doom deny'd,
 He thought his Message was unratisfy'd:
 Howe'er it was, swoln big with Discontent,
 In these rash Words gave he his Passion Vent.

- " 'Twas this which made me fly thy first Command;
 " This I suspected in my native Land.
 " 'Twas this which made me hire the Sailors Oars,
 " And seek a Refuge on the TARSIAN Shores.
 " For well I knew, and NINEVEH has prov'd
 " How kind thou art, how easy to be mov'd.
 " How swift thy Mercy to Mens Succour flies;
 " Of Pardon prodigal to Enemies?
 " Thy great Resolves their feeble Pray'rs unbend,
 " And thou forgiv'st as fast as they offend.
 " Thy gentle Mind no Indignation bears,
 " But, full of Pity, to each Wretch repairs,
 " To heal his wounded Soul, and ease him of his
 (Cares.)
 " If thou wilt then preserve th' ASSYRIAN State,
 " On me pour all the Vengeance of thy Hate.

" Take

" Take back thy little Gift of Life again,
 " Not valu'd, thus to be prolong'd with Pain;
 " Death I more gladly choose, or the tempestuous

(Main.)

To whom th' Almighty Father thus reply'd:
 " Should not the Matter be maturely weigh'd,
 " Before thou dare with me thy God to chide?
 " Why should thy Heart thus beat about its Cage,
 " Fill'd with tormenting Spleen and causeless Rage?

The wayward Prophet heard him with a Frown,
 And left in Fury the detested Town.
 Forth at that Gate he took his hasty Way,
 Where first the Rising Sun reveals the Day;
 Then built a Booth, and in the Entrance sate,
 Expecting ev'ry Hour th' Event of Fate.
 Here in the Cool he found a sweet Retreat
 From his late Sorrow and the sultry Heat:
 For here, to sooth him, God a Plant had made,
 Then call'd a GOURD, from its prodigious Shade!
 Which with its leafy Arms refresh'd the Place,
 And hid the Booth within its vast Embrace:
 Its leafy Arms wav'd with the fanning Wind,
 Which quench'd the fiery Beams, and calm'd his trou-

(bled Mind.

But when the rosy Morn was fled away,
 And the Sun mounted to the Noon of Day,
 A pois'nous Insect, by God's Mandate sent,
 Crept o'er the Plant, and into Pieces rent,
 Forbidding it to draw its vital Nourishment:

U

With

With Heaps of verdant Ruins scatter'd round,
Its blasted Head lay with'ring on the Ground.

The Sun had now gain'd his Meridian Heighth,
And shone so fierce, he scorch'd the Earth with Light.
The sickly Steams, which putrify the Air,
To join the Heat by God's Command repair.
The Steams and Heat their keenest Fury shed
Directly on the Prophet's naked Head;
Before their Force his vanquish'd Spirits fly,
Gasping, he sinks, and thus implores to die.

" Why does my hated Soul presume to stay,
" To see the Sorrows of this tedious Day?
" Oh! how I envy those who know their Fate;
" Their Hours are blest, all peaceful is their State.
" Where's now the Sea, the Storms, the Monsters
" (Womb,
" To drown my Grief, and give a welcome Tomb?
" Or 'scap'd I those small Dangers of the Main,
" To sink with weightier Woe, and feel eternal Pain?

Th' Almighty here, his troubled Mind to swage,
Ask'd " if a trivial Loss deserv'd such Rage?

" If these loud Murmurs and Complaints were made
" For the Privation of a little Shade?

To whom the Prophet angrily rejoin'd:

" 'Tis not a causeless Rage enflames my Mind,

" But a just Wish— O! with my Wish comply,

" Take back my Soul, and give me Leave to die.

" Prophet,

- " Prophet, how can'st thou into Passion stray,
 " Th' Almighty said, when Reason guides the Way?
 " Is all this fullen Discontent, to spare
 " A worthless Gourd, a Plant below thy Care?
 " A worthless Gourd, not by thy Labour sown,
 " Not by thy Water rais'd, nor Sunshine grown;
 " Form'd for my Pleasure, by my Leave enjoy'd,
 " In one Night nourish'd, and one Day destroy'd.
 " Can'st thou for such a trifling Nothing rave?
 " Yet pine my Love th' ASSYRIAN Flow'r should
 " The City fill'd with many Nations, from the
 " (save,
 " (Grave.)
 " Where if my Messengers of Wrath prevail,
 " At once must States and mighty Empires fail.
 " If the poor Flocks cannot thy Pity move,
 " (Tho' even for these I feel my pleading Love)
 " Are Millions numberless, who needs must fall,
 " Of no Account, thy Fellow-Creatures all?
 " Who can behold, with unrelenting Eyes,
 " Whole Streets by Fire consum'd, or hear the Cries
 " Of Wives by Husbands, Babes by Parents left,
 " Of all Things but a wretched Life bereft?
 " Can new-born Infants, hanging at the Breast,
 " With burning Roofs and falling Beams contest;
 " As yet they know not their weak Limbs to use,
 " And if they Passes find, they cannot chuse.
 " Wife, foolish, old, young, good, bad, mean, and great,
 " Will thus be blended in one common Fate,

The Prophet silent stood, in deep Amaze;
 And dropt, himself the Judge, his vanquish'd Cause.
 On lasting Paper he inscrib'd his Crimes,
 As an Example to succeeding Times.

From him we learn the Method to obey,
 Still to pursue where GOD directs the Way ;
 If GOD vouchsafes to guide we cannot go astray.
 Or if we slip, for SAINT's themselves may err,
 Not to sit down, and foolishly despair;
 For GOD's all-good, and we his more peculiar Care.

If we're let live, we should let others live,
 And when forgiv'n, remember to forgive :
 If daring Sinners from Religion swerve,
 We should not punish more than they deserve ;

For if we Anger strain beyond its Date,
 'Tis not a pious Zeal, but wicked Hate.

If Chances come, with sharpest Crosses join'd,
 We ought to bear them with a constant Mind :

For there remains a great decisive Day,
 When all our Sorrows shall be done away ;

When our once scatter'd Parts shall meet again,
 Devoid of Passion, and releas'd from Pain,
 Pure as the purest SAINT's that tread th' ethereal Plain

When Death itself a fatal End shall have,
 With all the boasted Conquests of the Grave.

Thus JONAH, rescued from the Monster's Womb,
 Is but a Type of CHRIST, triumphant from his Tomb.

F I N I S.